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BABY'S SMILE.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Oh! baby's smile is sunshine bright,
'Tis like perfume to the rose,
Lending sparkling rays of love-light,
And doth gleaming pearls disclose.

It warms my sad and lonely heart,
It cheers my drooping frame;
Itro uses all my warmest love,
And fans it to a flame!

Then smile, sweet infant, softly smile,
E'en in thy sleeping dreams;
And let thy rosy lips beguile
From Heaven its brightest beams.

And may the gentle Saviour, who
Loved "little ones" of old,
Lead thee by His dear hand above,
To walk the streets of gold!

With Blinded Eyes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER Errol had gone Mrs. Wyoming explained to the girl her plan of removal, to get out of Dolph Carbutt's way; and it certainly seemed the next best thing to leaving London altogether, which Rowena began to long to do.

She was tired of living in two or three rooms; she wanted a house to move about in, and a garden, and country roads where she could walk at any pace she pleased without attracting remarks, and stoop to search for violets under the dusky banks, uncovered as yet with spring's green carpet of young grass.

Mrs. Wyoming seemed to have no idea of such a thing however, and when they had returned from the theatre that night, and everything was arranged for the morning's removal, and Rowena lay wide awake in her bed, staring at the lamplight reflected upon the wall, she felt dreary, lonely, tired of empty gaiety and of being on her "company" behavior; she was disappointed in her aunt and Pattie and Errol, dissatisfied with herself, and conscious of a vague longing for the freedom she had enjoyed of late, her studies, her work for others.

Would she ever be the same blithe useful girl again? Did Leicester miss her? He could hardly do otherwise, believing her, as he did, his own dear love, depending on her, as he had learned to do, for almost everything.

But if he knew! And the old trouble beset her afresh as she thought of what would happen if he knew, and of how he would regard her.

The next day they took up their quarters at Errol Hayter's hotel, and were no longer annoyed by their persistent visitor, so that the gay London life now began to be a source of enjoyment.

Rowena liked it too for a change, in spite of her temporary disaffection; but it was not the life she would like to live always, and ever and anon her thoughts would fly to the lonely blind man at Ealee, who was wondering perhaps why they stayed so long.

They did not correspond. He had said, a little moodily, that since he could not have letters without other people knowing their contents before himself, nor send them unless another person wrote them for him, he thought it would be best for them to exchange none, but keep what they had to say until they should meet again; and Rowena had willingly acquiesced, not being at all willing to sign Pattie's name, nor her own either, at the bottom of the written fraud that a letter from her to Leicester would be.

They were to send word when they might be expected back, and mention anything they wished done, and he would get the curate to read the letter to him, and then give the servants their orders.

Errol Hayter accompanied them almost always on their various expeditions of pleasure, and was prompt to suggest fresh places to go to and new wonders to see.

Mrs. Wyoming found it very convenient to have a wealthy young man for a constant companion, otherwise her purse would have felt the strain, especially with the prospect of having Pattie on her hands again. But, while she was enjoying herself, she was working hard too in her daughter's interests, and presently the results showed themselves.

She had admitted to Errol that there had formerly been an engagement between Leicester and her daughter, pressed on, she said, by herself, in her anxiety to see Pattie settled comfortably before her own death, but always against the poor child's taste, so that when Leicester's blindness came on she would not any longer insist upon binding her down to one whom she had never liked, and so the engagement was broken off.

Pattie had been so much more cheerful since that she had blamed herself very much for her part in bringing the affair about, seeing what a trial it must have been to the girl, though she was too sweet-tempered to complain.

He knew nothing of Pattie's later engagement; Rowena gathered that from his conversation, and she said nothing. He had no idea that the troublesome young man who was the cause of their hasty removal to their present quarters was the same whom he had seen with Pattie at the gate at River View.

He had made an anxious inquiry after that personage, and Rowena had told him that they had lost sight of him now.

"A good thing for me!" he thought, and then added—"After all you told me in that letter that she had gone to stay with his family, I quite understood how things would be likely to turn out, and gave up all hope, though I could never leave off thinking about her. But I was mistaken after all, it seems?"

"Yes," she replied; and then, feeling forced by his tone to make some explanation, she added—"My aunt would not have allowed it."

"Did Pattie herself wish it then?" he inquired quickly; and Rowena forced herself to laugh lightly as she answered—

"Well, do you think she looks like a lovelorn maid?"

Errol seemed satisfied on that point, but presently he asked—

"Where was she, then, after her return from that visit, all the autumn and winter, since, after her engagement with Leicester was broken off, she was not to stay at Ealee?"

"Oh—in London, with some friends," Rowena answered with some embarrassment, wishing he would not ply her with awkward questions.

"What—here? I might have called on her! Why didn't you write and give me her address?"

"How could I know you wanted it?" she returned lightly.

"If I had known! But, then, you see, I took it for granted she would be engaged to that fellow directly, and just tried to put her out of my head. I thought she looked rather sweet at him; but I suppose that was her pretty way which I did not understand then."

Mrs. Wyoming explained to the young man how she was waiting in town in the hope of some old friend turning up to take charge of Pattie for a short time. Feeling that she owed Mr. Leicester something for causing him a disappointment—though he had not in the least resented it, seeing plainly the justice of her action—she had made an engagement to stay with him until he should be more used to his blindness, and had kept Rowena with her as a companion.

But, of course, in the circumstances, it was impossible for her to take Pattie there. So, as the friends with whom she had been staying had gone to Italy for Easter, if she did not meet with any others, she thought she should board her at some school until Mr. Leicester was well enough to take care of himself.

Errol remembered that he had two maiden aunts living in Essex, about a dozen miles distant, with whom his family had occasional communication.

They were not very well off, having been left with a very small income, and he thought that they might be glad to take a boarder. He was sure her daughter would have every care and comfort while with them, and he could run down and see them sometimes, and tell them the news.

He wrote to his aunts, and their reply was satisfactory; he had taken good care that it should be so. They suggested that Mrs. and Miss Wyoming should visit them and see what they thought of the place, then there would be no disappointment.

This made a pleasant day's outing for the party, as Errol accompanied them, and insisted on Rowena's doing so too.

They found the Misses Hayter very nice ladies, hardly middle-aged, so that they would not be dull company for Pattie.

The place, one of the little villages on the outskirts of London, was certainly rather dull; but then it was so near town that they could often run up, and, as Errol said eagerly, he should be in London for some time yet, and should have nothing to do in the evening but go and see them, or meet them at the railway-station to take them to the theatre or to a concert. On such occasions he could engage rooms at his own hotel for them, so that they could stay the night and return home in the morning.

The maiden acquiesced in all this, being quite young enough to enjoy the prospect of a little gaiety in their quiet lives, and understanding what it was all to lead to, as Errol perhaps intended they should.

The sum of money that Mrs. Wyoming could pay would not cover such expenses as these dissipations would occasion; but they comprehended that that would be set right, as Errol was a rich man now, and could pay for his fancies.

Pattie behaved most sweetly, and fairly took the Misses Hayter's hearts by storm. It was settled that she should take up her abode there at the beginning of the following week, after which Mrs. Wyoming and Rowena would return to Ealee.

So, after two or three bright spring mornings and festive evenings in the city, Rowena found herself fairly on her way home.

During the journey her aunt told her that Errol had asked her permission to pay his addresses to her daughter, and that she had granted it.

"I could not feel any doubt about him, you know, my dear, as your old friend, and the son of your father's dearest friend. Of course Pattie does not know—dear child!—and his visits will serve to distract her thoughts from that unfortunate affair, until presently she will be surprised to find that she cannot do without him"—laughing; "and so it will be easily got over, after all, and she will be in a fair way to get nicely settled."

Rowena had not much to say in reply, her opinion being one that was best kept to herself, and Mrs. Wyoming put down her taciturnity to another cause.

"I do not mention that she had been engaged to Dolph Carbutt," observed aunt Annie suddenly; "there was no occasion, and two or three engagements injure a girl in the eyes of suitors. I hope you have not told him?"—rather sharply.

"No," replied Rowena, feeling greatly relieved at being able to give such an answer.

It was raining when they reached Ealee, and outside the station they found Leicester awaiting them in a closed carriage.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise!" said Wyoming cordially, as he welcomed her.

She was in the best of humors, having tided over the late mishap in a wonderful way, and being now met with signs of gladness and devotion that augured well for her niece's future, and for her own.

"It is most pleasant to me, at any rate, I can assure you," he returned, almost blithely.

"We have been away thirteen days instead of three," said Rowena impulsively, as she greeted him.

"Yes," was all he replied, because, though there was much more on his lips it was for her ears alone; but his face softened.

They drove home through the rain. Mrs. Wyoming remarked that it was a miserable day, but Rowena could not see it.

She was looking out eagerly, noticing the new tinge of green upon the hedges she had left quite bare and black, watching for the first glimpse of the silver river, and listening all the while, with a joy that she did not realise, to the deep grave tones which sounded so rich after Errol's effeminate voice. To her it was a beautiful day.

Leicester was in the highest of spirits during the dinner; he seemed entirely to have forgotten the object of their late journey, and they did not speak of it then. Rowena, as well as Mrs. Wyoming, began to wonder what could have come to him.

Later on in the evening Mrs. Wyoming left them alone in the drawing-room for a few moments.

"Come here and sit beside me," he said to Rowena almost directly she had left the room; and Rowena went, putting her hand into the one outstretched towards her. "Are you glad or sorry to come home again?"

"Very glad."

"Are you sure?"

"Why, you know I am, Charley!"

"There is a proof of your gladness that you would offer if you were really in earnest."

"You know I am glad without that," she said, shrinking, as she always did, from making any demonstration of affection.

"Would you rather not, then? Is that all you care about me?"

She could not resist this appeal, the sightless eyes upturned towards her face rendering it so much stronger by their piteous blankness. He drew her yet closer to him, in fond satisfaction.

"I have something to tell you," he said, "I have had a visitor and been a journey in your absence. What do you think of that?"

Rowena's heart sank within her. There was no knowing what mischief the chance meeting with an old friend might do.

"Too much surprised to answer, are you?"

he continued gaily. "I don't wonder; you have borne with my helplessness so long"—with another tender caress. "Well, I'll tell you how it was. My cousin, George Leicester, who has taken the factory, you know, came down here and spent a day with me. I ought to say that he wrote to ask if it would be convenient, as he wanted to see me on business matters, and I got Mr. Poinsett to write and tell him to come. I was so disappointed at your not being at home for him to see you; I have told him so much about you. Well, he was surprised and very glad to find me looking so much better, so he said. And I certainly feel better; things don't trouble me half as much as they did——"

"I am so glad!" put in Rowena, in her soft yet hearty voice.

He took her hand and put it to his lips. He was hardly conscious of the change in himself—he knew only that the birds' songs had sounded gayer to him of late, that the atmosphere had felt lighter, and that these things had seemed to raise his own spirits.

"George suggested that, as my state of health was certainly improved, and he had to run up to London, before returning to Nottingham, I should accompany him, and see another doctor, who is creating quite a sensation with his wonderful cures. I wouldn't hear of it at first, but he persisted, until at last I went, just to satisfy him, not having a shadow of hope myself. I wouldn't come to see you, Pattie, though I knew how very near you were. I dreaded your thinking I had hope—I did not want you to imagine afterwards that I was going through all the agonies of a second disappointment, as I knew you would. If—if it had turned out as I expected I should not have told you at all."

Rowena's heart throbbed violently, and then seemed to stand still again in the intensity of her terror.

"The doctor would not venture a decided opinion, but advised a careful course of medical treatment at some German baths, as soon as the weather is warmer. If by these means the eyes could be rendered strong enough to bear it, he would then attempt an operation, though he would not give me any certain hope. But George says he looked more than he said, and he is confident about it. He's a good fellow, George! I am not confident, of course, nor even very hopeful"—his face and voice were a striking contradiction to his words—"but I can't help thinking about it, and I have longed for you to come home that I might share my thoughts with you. I knew you, more than anyone else, would sympathise with me. Think, Pattie, what it would be to me to look upon your dear face again!"

Mrs. Wyoming's silk skirts were heard rustling without as Leicester uttered the last words.

"Don't say anything at present," he whispered hastily.

Rowena did not speak. There was not time, even could she have done so; but, for want of words, in a blind impulse of agony, she bent over and kissed his forehead.

It was like a foreshadowing, she thought directly afterwards, with a deep shudder—a foreshadowing of their farewell and parting.

Her aunt came in and Leicester started a conversation with her at once; but Rowena could not join in, with those terrible words of his ringing in her ears—"Think, Pattie, what it would be to me to look upon your dear face again!"

And he would see her face—Rowena's—if ever indeed the blessed light of day should reach his eyes once more! Here was the beginning of the end, a short dream of joy—yes, she knew now that it had been joy—and then a reality of misery.

She sat apart, silent and stunned, while her aunt went into particulars with Leicester of the errand on which they had gone to London, and had Rowena been in a state of mind to give her attention she would have been shocked, though not for the first time, to hear how easily the expedient lies slipped off Mrs. Wyoming's tongue.

Though herself deeply involved, she was no hardened sinner, but a culprit who trembled at every reminder of her guilt.

Mrs. Wyoming gave Leicester a brief account of the great failure of the firm of Carbutt and Co., and said that she had arrived at just the right time to help her niece in her arrangements for the future. She and Dolph were to wait for one another, and see what the next few years might bring.

They had met with a lady in the same hotel, who required a second governess for her school at Oxton, a little country place a few miles out of town, and Rowena so exactly met all the requirements of the situation that they were convinced she could not do better, and she would occupy a superior position to that which she had filled at Lyngate.

Then, as Oxton was so near London, Dolph could go to see her now and then without being put to any great expense—poor fellow!

"Poor fellow," echoed Leicester, "he must feel the change very much! Has he any prospects at all? If not, a line to my cousin at Nottingham——"

"Oh, thank you so much! I won't forget, if he should not obtain what he had in view when we left him. One of the few friends who have not deserted the family in their trouble are trying to get him a good post that has just become vacant in the office of a relative, so, if he should be successful, Dolph will indeed be fortunate, and by steadiness and carefulness may soon hold up his head again."

Leicester inquired after the rest of the family, and Mrs. Wyoming replied with a tissue of lies that would have more than astonished Rowena had she heard them.

But she was sitting alone at the other side of the room, staring blankly into a book, and saying to herself over and over again,—

"My punishment has began! I love him—I love him, and I shall lose him!"

This was the thought that possessed her heart and soul.

They went to bed early, Mrs. Wyoming professing herself tired after the journey, and then, shut up all alone, with nothing to distract her thoughts, Rowena was helplessly and hopelessly in the clutches of her Nemesis.

She had loved him a long while—she knew it now. That was why it had cost her no pang to look on Errol's wooing of Pattie; that was why she had thought he was not so nice. She had been comparing him with her hero—her demi-god—her ideal man whom she had met in the flesh, and was stood on a pedestal far above ordinary mortals.

She had been glad to get back to Charley; her studies had been dear and precious because shared with him; all the patience, and attention, and care, in which she had never wearied, had been love's glad offering at his shrine.

She saw it all now, and the remembrance of the influence she had gained over him was no comfort to her—it would only add to his scorn and hatred when his eyes should behold the truth for themselves.

Oh, it was anguish, bitter anguish—and it was but the meet fruit of the lie she had lived these past months!

How could she ever have been glad and light of heart? But she had been! As her love and interest had, all unconsciously, grown strong together, she had sometimes almost forgotten the conditions under which she lived and worked.

The next morning Mrs. Wyoming was shocked at the girl's haggard face, but she made no remark, and Rowena spoke and acted much in her ordinary way, having made up her mind to do so before she came down.

In the days that followed she studied with Leicester as usual, she went out with him and talked to him—a great deal upon the subject of the possible restoration of his sight, as that, of course, chiefly occupied his thoughts, and before a fortnight had passed he decided to tell Mrs. Wyoming.

Rowena would not influence him either way. She could not judge at all how her aunt would receive the news, and any advice of hers might only help on a result which she would not have desired.

Leicester told her that his reason for keeping silence was his ignorance of Mrs. Wyoming's wishes or intentions for the coming summer, and his fear of interfering with her plans; so when Rowena had replied that she believed her aunt did not wish to spend the approaching season at Eales she considered that she had said enough.

The day after that, as Rowena came in from an errand, her aunt met her in the hall, and drew her into the empty dining-room, a look of mingled consternation and anxiety on her face.

"Rowena—no, Pattie"—she was apt to make the mistake in moments of excitement—"Charley has just been telling me about his eyes—that there is a possibility—— Did you ever know such an unlucky thing in your life!"

"Oh, don't call it that!" cried Rowena, shocked, though she had been tempted to think the same thing herself.

"Well, but it is," persisted her aunt coolly—"it is, to us! It's of no use pretending—a more unlucky thing could hardly happen! And I don't think he will enjoy his regained privilege very much when it has discovered the truth for him!"—drily. "And you have known it ever since we came back?"

"He asked me not to tell you. He had not decided what to do; he——"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to make excuses. I have had a fortnight's more peace of mind—that is all—and I am thankful for it! Hasn't it worried you?"—with a glance at her niece's altered face.

"It has," Rowena confessed.

"That is half the cause of your pale cheeks, no doubt," suggested her aunt, relieved to find that Rowena was not dying of love for Errol Hayter.

"Of course it has been a worry to me," said Rowena; and she sank wearily into a chair.

The spring weather might be trying, but it was the weight at her heart that made her always feel so tired now.

Mrs. Wyoming took a chair, and drew it close to her niece's.

"Have you thought of what is to be done?" she inquired.

"No, I have thought of nothing," replied Rowena hopelessly. "It has been a terror to me—the thought of his knowing all!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her aunt energetically. "What is the use of going through all that beforehand? It will be quite enough to go through it once, if it comes to that pass. I thought you had more sense than that, Pattie!"

"Well, have you thought of anything, then,"—raising her heavy eyes to Mrs. Wyoming's face.

"I have not made plans for the meeting of every contingency, but I am certainly not without hope. Why, to begin with, the chances are a hundred to one against his ever seeing again! So we will go on just the same for the present, and if it comes to extremities I will find a loophole somewhere—don't be afraid. But he wants to go abroad—to those German baths—and we are going to travel with him."

"We!"

"It just meets my wishes. We could not have stayed on here through the coming season; people would know us, and we could not risk it. Then he has seen too much by half of those Poinsetts during our absence. They have looked so strangely at us since our return—have'nt you noticed it?" You may depend upon it he has been praising your beauty"—with a harsh laugh—"or saying something else that has told them he is under a delusion of some kind. Oh, I am longing to get away—the place will soon be too hot to hold us! I never thought of the trouble we should have, or I should not have attempted the thing at all!"

Rowena sat and stared at her with wide-open troubled eyes. She was reviewing herself and her actions in the worst possible light now, entirely overlooking the impulse of pity and protection which had moved her to do what she could to save the helpless blind man further sorrow, the surprise and indignation she had felt towards those who were about to desert him urging her on to do her utmost in their stead.

She had forgotten all that now; since she had learned to love her work she had forgotten that there had been a time when it was a sacrifice; she could see nothing in her conduct but a gross offence against all civil and Christian laws.

"However, now it has gone so far I shall carry it out to the end," Mrs. Wyoming resumed. "When he mentions his going to Germany, he hinted that our company would be very acceptable, if we had no other plans, and in the end I agreed to go. He will need help more than ever in a strange place, and no hired servants can be like one's own friends."

"We have been such good friends to him!" said Rowena bitterly.

"I think we have," returned her aunt, with decision.

"Oh, aunt Annie"—Rowena suddenly fell upon her knees by Mrs. Wyoming's side and grasped her hands, which had been lying in her lap—"there is a way out of it yet—the best way! Let us go to him and confess all—let him know that we did it for his sake too. He is kind, and understands people's hearts—he will see how it was, and will forgive us and let us go free! However angry he is he will not tell others about it"—thinking, even in her strong agitation, of the argument that would be most likely to affect her aunt—"he will forgive us and let us go free, and then we can go among people again, and not be ashamed!"

"Pattie—Pattie, don't get so excited!"

That name—the name of her bondage, that had grown all at once so sweet and so terrible—showed Rowena that her aunt was unmoved by her appeal. She rose and sat down again in her chair, with chilled lips and cold hands.

"By doing as you propose you would precipitate upon the poor fellow the very trouble we have been keeping from him all this time," Mrs. Wyoming continued. "Wait until the thing is inevitable before you confess—we may yet prove to be his best friends."

"And supposing the operation should be unsuccessful—what then?" inquired Rowena almost faintly.

But her aunt divined her intention. She wanted to make an opportunity for declaring she would never marry him, and thus force on the beginning of the end. Mrs. Wyoming would not enter into the subject.

"My dear child," she said patiently, "you want to run on so far in advance. Can any of us poor mortals see our way one day before us?"

"But we can know our intentions," interposed Rowena bluntly.

"No, we cannot always, when we are obliged to depend upon events which are yet far in the future. I feel now that there is nothing to be done, nor even planned or thought of, until Charley's fate is decided—everything turns upon that. When we know the result of the operation I will make up my mind quickly enough, I promise you. Until then, now is it possible?"

In her bewilderment, Rowena could find nothing to say in reply to this.

"This excursion to the Continet will perfect you in languages," her aunt went on, "and then, if things come to the worst, you will be twice as valuable as a governess as you would be now."

The bait did not tempt Rowena. She was disgusted at the thought of gaining, or seeming to gain, one grain of benefit at another's expense.

But she said nothing, words seemed of no use; the dead weight settled anew upon her heart.

Mrs. Wyoming did not at all like the girl's looks; a thought of brain-fever crossed her mind. How much of her patient handiwork a severe illness might undo!

She determined to tell Leicester privately that Pattie was looking pale, and had but little appetite. That would be quite enough for him; he would hasten all preparations for her sake—for what would be more likely to stay a little falling-off in a young girl than a complete change of air and scene that their journey would entail?

Having watched the girl go up-stairs with a slow and spiritless step, she went to Leicester and told him what she had decided to say, adding that she fancied that Pattie was worrying about him, fearing that he was going to be disappointed again.

"I wish I had not told her!" he said regretfully. We could have gone to Germany just the same—she need not have known the cause. But I was so full of it, and I never dreamed of its having that sort of effect upon her."

"Pattie is very sensitive, and feels for others more than for herself," Mrs. Wyoming told him. "But don't be anxious, and don't reproach yourself, for I am sure any one in your place would have done the same. Once we are on our way I quite think she will be herself again. You see, she has never been out of England, and the first step will be a revelation to her; the change will quite set her up!"

"We will go next week!" he declared.

"Not next week," she said smiling. "That is impossible. But it is very good of you to wish to hasten on her account. I don't think——"

"The week after, then," he insisted. "And, if the climate should still be too cold for my eyes, we can stay in France, in some sheltered corner, till the wind changes."

Mrs. Wyoming remonstrated gently, and of course he persisted, and, equally of course, she gave in at last, and went away to give the servants notice, after cautioning him not to let Pattie guess that she was considered to be indisposed—she disliked so much to be looked upon as ailing.

CHAPTER X.

ON the return of Mrs. Wyoming and her niece from town, a letter from Dolph Carbutt was found awaiting them.

Mrs. Wyoming had been too busy with her unpacking, and too elated with the success of all her schemes, to take any no-

tice of the letter at first, and was going to toss it on to the fire, sure that it contained only idle threats, or an appeal to her mercy, or something else not worth the trouble of reading; but Rowena persuaded her to open it, urging that it was best to know all they could about him and his movements.

She was honestly anxious to keep him out of her cousin's way, and to promote her marriage with Errol Hayter, considering him far more likely to make her happy than Dolph Carbutt with a million a year.

So Mrs. Wyoming had opened the letter, and found within, not reproaches for her late reception of him at the hotel, but a last—this word underlined—request to see Pattie before he left England for New York, which he would do the following week.

There was nothing for him in London, he said, and he had relatives in New York. He should not come back for many years, if ever, since he could not do worse there than at home; and, since it would be for the last time, he thought she might permit him just to say good-bye to Pattie, and tell her himself that he gave up all hopes of ever marrying her.

He expressed no resentment at the treatment he had received, but showed what Mrs. Wyoming called "such a proper spirit" that she was actually gracious enough to refuse his request, telling him, quite kindly, that it was for his own good she remained firm, as a meeting only to precede a life-long parting would be a very painful thing, and could only stir up grief afresh.

In fact, she was so relieved to know that he was so soon to be safely out of the way that her extreme good humor was almost irrepressible, and she went out and bought Rowena a new dress in her gratitude to the girl for inducing her to open the letter.

Now Pattie would be able to go about without fear of molestation. When Errol Hayter had spoken of those trips up to town to the theatres, *et cætera*, she had felt anxious, though she had been compelled smilingly to acquiesce, for want of a feasible objection.

She had thought of the possibility of their meeting with Dolph, of his claiming Pattie as his own promised wife, of the scene that would ensue, and had trembled.

When, a little later on, the intelligence of the possible change in Leicester's prospects reached her, the revulsion of feeling was rather severe, and she thought herself an unfortunate woman indeed, only to get out of one scrape in time to get into another.

A busy fortnight ensued. Leicester was impatient to be off, for Rowena's sake. As he was unable to see his sweetheart's face and judge for himself whether her health was seriously affected, he was made doubly anxious about her, and none of Mrs. Wyoming's assurances would content him.

As they agreed, nothing was said to Rowena about her health, and the girl little thought how lovingly and intensely she was being cared for. His pains availed him nothing however.

Rowena had assumed her new burden with a strong resolve to bear it unsuspected by others—particularly by him. The one outward sign of her inward trouble which she could not conceal was carried in her altered face, and that was inscrutable to him.

Before leaving England Mrs. Wyoming and her niece went to pay Pattie a visit. They were up in town for several things, and it was easy to take the train to Oxton.

They found her looking remarkably well. The Misses Hayter said the air agreed with her, but the visitors shrewdly suspected that the devotion of Errol Hayter, who was expected that evening, had more to do with her bright eyes and softly-flushed cheeks.

Rowena felt a return of her old love for her beautiful cousin as they sat in the bay-window looking out upon the fresh spring landscape, talking of one or two concerts that Pattie had lately attended with her friends, of the new music she was practising—which she brought and showed to Rowena—and of course the approaching trip to the Continent was discussed, but only in a general way.

Rowena was shy of the subject of Leicester, for Pattie knew nothing of the new turn of affairs, Mrs. Wyoming having simply told her that Charley was ordered to the German baths for his health.

There was nothing to be gained by worrying Pattie, the cautious mother had said; and in this Rowena cordially agreed with her, being anything but wishful to give her cousin a taste of the anxiety which she herself was suffering under.

Pattie scarcely mentioned Leicester's name; she had quite as much cause as Rowena to avoid speaking of him. She only told her cousin, with her pretty dimpling smile, that she was a fortunate girl to get such a treat.

"You will be happier here than I shall be in Germany," rejoined Rowena bluntly; and Pattie blushed and turned to look down the road, as though expecting to see handsome Errol Hayter hastening from the station to the pretty little house by the wayside. But it was hardly time for that yet.

He came in the evening, and was very pleased to see the visitors.

He was looking brighter and handsomer than ever, and seemed devoted to Pattie. Mrs. Wyoming was in good humor. It was so convenient to have her pretty daughter safe in this quiet place, where all the men spent their entire day in the town, while her lover had every opportunity of pushing his suit.

The arrangement was simply perfect, and that night Mrs. Wyoming lay awake in bed, thinking it all over, in a state of complete contentment, the other unpleasant possibility put in the shade for the moment by the favorable aspect of affairs at Oxton.

"Suppose it all comes to nothing, and I am to remain a helpless blind man to the end of the chapter," said Leicester to Rowena one day, when she had found a spare hour for him amid the bustle of preparation, "how soon will you marry me after that conclusion is arrived at?"

She hesitated.

When she had first taken Pattie's place it was merely with the idea of keeping the blow from falling while Leicester was in that low melancholy state.

She had not expected to succeed so well, but had anticipated his growing gradually dissatisfied with his sweetheart, so that when at last they should venture to hint at breaking off the engagement, he would be glad to agree.

There had been no question in her mind of marrying him at all, for even if she had cared anything about him when first she took Pattie's duties upon herself she would never have persisted in the deception so far as to become his wife; and now her change of feeling towards him showed her more plainly every day the heinousness of her sin.

"Why," she replied, when she could think of anything to say, "aren't you happy as we are now?"

"Oh, yes! But we should be happier still then. I should be happier, I know; and you have given me to understand that you love me too."

It was true. Lately she had responded to his oft-told tale of love with a tenderness that had filled him with new joy.

She had told herself that it might last only a few months more—this her dream of love—and she would dream while she could; that it was she whom he loved, and not Pattie.

But to make him any promises for the future would be only to add another falsehood to the living lie of her life, which she abhorred while yet it had brought her such tender and even holy joy as she knew she should never have again.

The world would be a wilderness to her when this sweet hateful passage of her life should be over.

"Yes, I love you," she confessed, with a quaint gravity that touched Leicester oddly.

"Then," he said, as he held her hand, "you will not object to come to me in the autumn? You know I wanted to wait a year, to see if you would not get tired of me, and——"

"But the year is not up yet," she broke in, in soft cheerful tones. "And I may change my mind yet, you know"—laughingly.

He laughed too, enjoying the little jest that six months ago would have plunged him into gloom.

"I trust you more than I did then," he said. "Not your good intentions—I could not trust them more than I did—but your love."

"Did you not trust that, then?" she asked.

"Not so much. I did not think it was so strong as it has proved. I believe you have loved me more instead of less since my blindness—that is, after the first strangeness were off, and you ceased to be afraid of me."

She was going to deny ever having feared him, when she remembered that it was not she who had witnessed his first days of darkness and despair—not she who had heard his first bitter plaints—not she, but Pattie.

"Perhaps I have," she said.

"That is because your tender heart loved to help the helpless, and be a light to the blind, and so it was returned to you in such increased love and compassion that your work became a real pleasure to you."

It was Rowena who had taught him to draw such deductions as these. But she was not aware of it; she did not recognise the sentiment as here any more than he did. She only thought in what perfect agreement their minds seemed to be, and he unwittingly was thinking the same.

"Well; he began again; but she, guessing by his tone what was coming, stopped him gently.

"I would not try to settle anything about that," she said, "until the other question is decided. Not that the one hangs upon the other—but one of two such important things is quite enough to think of at a time."

"Very well," he agreed, with his arm about her waist. "As you will—now. But if I am to look on this sweet face again"—pressing hers to his own as he spoke—"I shall not be willing to let it out of my sight any more after that day."

"I should want a little more time than that," she answered gaily; but her heart sank as she spoke.

Their parting was coming nearer every day—it was inevitable—whether his sight was given back to him or not.

What would he be thinking of her a few months hence—this man who was pressing her cheek to his now? Where would she be then?

A long, long way from his heart against which she was resting now—his strong and tender heart, in the love of which she could have found her life's paradise, though accompanied with every other hardship.

It was her punishment; she deserved it all. Fitting it was that through him who had been the victim of their treachery her bitterest sorrow should come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Finger Nails.—Fortune-telling by means of the finger nails, onychomancy, as it was called, was not uncommon in ancient times, says medical classics.

The practice was to rub the nails with oil and soot or wax, and to hold up the thus prepared against the sun, and upon the transparent horny substance were supposed to appear figures or characters which gave the answer required.

In more recent times people have been found predicting by means of the nails of the hand, and telling the disposition of persons with certain descriptions of nails.

However absurd it may appear, we shall give some examples of this superstition.

A person with broad nails is of gentle nature, timid and bashful. Those whose nails grow into the flesh at the points or sides are given to luxury.

A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune. Persons with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh, and persecution by neighbors and friends.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Indolent people have generally fleshy nails. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.

Melancholy persons are distinguished by their pale or lead-colored nails; and choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Thoroughly Experienced.—The mystic moonbeams and the twinkle of the stars made soundless harmonies on that balmy night. They walked together down the old road, past the orchard and the ruined mill, to the rustic bridge across the little streamlet which prattled idly to the pebbles as it hurried along.

"Mabel," said he, "do you know what love is?"

"I think so," she replied simply.

"I mean, were you ever the object of a love that was as fierce as the onslaught of a tiger and as unquenchable as the stars? Were you ever truly loved?"

"Was I ever truly loved?" returned Mabel thoughtfully. "George, come back to the house, and I will show you two diamond rings, six valentines, and a trunkful of photographs!"

And George was silent.

There is a respect due to age, but there is also a respect due to youth, the lack of which accounts for many a failure in the household and school systems of education.

Bric-a-Brac.

Living on Plums.—Plums are the most important product of Bosnia, and the fruit in a dried state is the chief article of export. The poorest peasant has a few plum-trees by his hovel, wealthy landowners never think of planting any other kind of tree by their country houses, and in consequence the well-being of the agricultural population depends on plums more than on anything else. In a good season about forty thousand pounds, are exported.

Twenty Five Times.—The following extract is taken from "Evelyn's Diary," and refers to a Dutchwoman who lived in the seventeenth century. "Towards the end of August I returned to Haarlem. They showed us a cottage where they told us dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and, being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in the future; yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times into trouble.

Beauty.—There is only one thing in all the catalogue of female beauty that all nations are agreed in admiring, and that is a small mouth. For the rest, white teeth are admired in Europe, and yellow teeth in Asia. The English boast of their rosy maids, while the damsels of Greenland paint their complexions blue or green. We like a straight or moderately aquiline nose. In Persia the ideal nose is crooked, and in Hayti mothers crush the noses of their children in their infancy in order to produce the much-admired snub shape.

St. Swithin.—This saint who died in 868, begged his fellow-monks to bury him in the open churchyard, where "the sweet rain of heaven might fall on his bones." But when he was canonized the monks wished to remove the body to the choir, meaning thus to do him honor, but it began to rain, and continued to rain for forty days. And ever since, the legend saith, the weather on July 15th is a sure index to the weather of the forty days that follow! And this day also decides the following winter, according to the Shepherd's Calender: "If the day prove fair, a temperate winter will follow; but if rainy, windy, or stormy, then the contrary." This year, 1889, there was rain almost every day for forty days from the above date.

To the Ugliest.—On Whit-Tuesday, 1786, there was celebrated at Hendon, Middlesex, England, a burlesque imitation of the Olympic games. One prize was a gold-laced hat, to be grinned for by six candidates, who were placed on a platform, with horse-collars to exhibit through. Over their heads was printed: "The ugliest grinner shall be the winner." Each party grinned separately for three minutes, and then all united in one grand exhibition of facial contortion. An objection was lodged against the winner on the ground that he had rinsed his mouth with vinegar. A similar performance was gone through at Stratford-on-Avon in recent years; but no adults were found foolish enough to make displays of themselves before an assembled multitude, and lads had the honor of competing for the prizes.

Mexican Porters.—Of half a dozen porters seen resting at a Mexican railway station one had a sofa on his shoulders, strapped on I could not see how; another bore a tower of chairs locked into each other and rising not less than eight feet above his head; another carried a hencoop with a dozen or twenty hens, and others were conveying laden barrels and various household goods. They had come, they said, from San Luis, Potosi, not less than 50 miles distant. The carriers were almost in sight from the car windows of the Mexican National Railroad, and were declared by President Purdy to be its rivals. If it were not for them, the country would treble its railroads in the next year, and the roads would double their profits. We are combating the custom of centuries. Those fellows carry on their backs to Mexico the entire crops of great *haciendas* far over the mountains.

Got His Head In.—An amusing misadventure happened recently to a well-known artist in Paris. He had purchased an old helmet in a bric-a-brac shop, and when he got home the idea occurred to him to try it on. It went on easily enough, but when he wanted to take it off he found it impossible to do so. Finally he was forced to go a neighboring gunsmith's to have it removed. His appearance on the street wearing this medieval relic produced a decided sensation.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake.

WITHERED ROSES.

BY T. H. B.

Let us talk of the past, and forget
For a while all the gloom of the present;
There is a pleasure in store for us yet,
While discoursing of days that were pleasant.

Let no thought of the future intrude,
And when mem'ry her portals encloses,
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With the sweet leaves of long-withered roses.

Let us talk of the past and rejoice
While we seem to view far-distant faces,
While we list to some long silent voice,
And look round on youth's favorite places.

Every gleam of the present exclude
While the sense of its anguish reposes,
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With the sweet leaves of long-withered roses.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SHE DID not at once see a hansom, and therefore she walked for a few yards along the broad pavement of the Bayswater Road, where at that hour not as many passers-by were to be encountered as usual.

And here, to her great surprise, she met her father—but a father so changed, so utterly transformed in appearance, that she would not have recognised him but for his voice.

He wore an overcoat that she had never seen before and a tall hat; he had got rid of white hair and beard, and had even shaved off his whiskers; he remained a lean, brown-faced, resolute-looking man, more refined, but decidedly more commonplace, than he had been before.

This man would pass easily in a large crowd; people used to stop and gaze after Reuben Dare.

"Oh, I am so thankful—so glad!" cried Cynthia, when the meaning of the change burst upon her. "Nobody would recognize you now, father; your own face is a greater disguise than any amount of snowy hair. What made you alter yourself in this way?"

"Cynthia," said her father, drawing her into a quiet little side-street and speaking in low earnest tones, "I have been a great fool! I wish I had taken your advice earlier. That woman Meldreth suspects me. For aught I know, I am already watched and followed. There is not a moment to lose. If I mean to escape I'd better get out of the country as fast as I can—or find some snug corner where I can lie close until they have left off looking for me. There is a cab—a four-wheeler. Let us get into that, and we can talk as we go. I don't see any one who appears to be dogging me at present. Where were you going?"

"I will go wherever you go, father," said Cynthia.

* * * * * *

Westwood was silent until he found himself safe beside his daughter in the cab.

"Where did you tell him to go?" he then asked of her.

"To St. Pancras Station. I thought that perhaps we could more easily evade watchers at a big railway-station than anywhere else."

"They will watch the stations," said the man. "I may have got the start, and I may not. The stations are hardly safe enough at present."

"Let the man drive on for a few minutes while you tell me the reason why you think you are watched," said Cynthia, suspecting panic; "he cannot be going far out of the way, and, if we change our minds, we can tell him."

"Well," said Westwood, evidently recovering nerve and self-possession under the influence of his daughter's calm manner and speaking in an easier tone, "it's that woman Meldreth—she is a spy. Who do you think came to her house yesterday but Mrs. Vane? The very woman who has the most reason to dread me and to wish to get me shut up in prison, if my idea of her is true! I think she wanted to see me with her own eyes. She looked at me as if she would read me through."

"Where did you meet her, father?" she asked calmly.

"In the street. I was asked to show her Mrs. Gunn's house. It was pure accident of course, but it gave us an opportunity of looking at each other."

"Did you go back to the house after that?"

"Yes, I did, my girl, because I had left my portmanteau there with papers and money, without which I should soon be in 'Queer Street.' Yes, I went back, and found Mrs. Vane gone. But the Meldreth woman had a queer look about her, and I suspected what she was about, though I don't know that I could have balked her but for my peculiar constitution. Sleeping-stuff don't have no effect upon me, my dear—it never had. They tried it in the prison when I was there at first and could not sleep for thinking of the woods and the open fields and my own little girl—and it nearly drove me mad. Sabina Meldreth gave me some sleeping-stuff in my tea last night."

"What for, father?"

"That's what I wanted to know. When I felt the old pricks and twitches beginning I pretended to be very sleepy, and I lay down on the sofa and went off, as she thought, into a deep slumber. Presently she came in, and—what do you think, Cynthy?—she began to examine my hair and beard! Of course she soon saw that it would come off; and then she laughed a little to herself. 'Twenty pounds for this job,' she said—'and more perhaps afterwards. I wonder what Mrs. Vane's up to now? I'll be off to her first thing to-morrow morning. It's somebody she's got a spite against, I'll be bound!' And then she went away and left me alone, having done her work."

"So then you came away?"

"Not immediate, my girl. I was off at five o'clock this morning. I got shaved at a little place in Gray's Inn Road—after disposing of my wig and beard elsewhere, you know; and I bought this rig-out at two different places in Holborn. Then I breakfasted at a coffee-stall and came on here. They'll only just have found out that I've gone by now—if indeed so soon—unless they have found it out accidental-like, you know."

"The woman—Meldreth is her name?—would not know what to do without consulting Florence Vane first, would she, Cynthy?"

"No. But then we don't know where Mrs. Vane is—she may have been in the house all the time for aught we know."

"I think not," said Cynthia decisively. "She would have come herself to look at you when Miss Meldreth was examining your hair if she had been anywhere in the house."

"Well, perhaps she would. You've got a head on your shoulders, Cynthia—that you have! Miss Meldreth would have to get to Mrs. Vane and tell her this morning, as she said; then Mrs. Vane would let the police know. That gives us till about eleven or twelve o'clock."

"Two hours' start. Is not that sufficient?"

Westwood shook his head.

"The first thing they will do it to telegraph to all the ports."

"But you look so different now, father! And I will make myself look quite different too."

"You! Why, you don't suppose I am going to let you come with me?"

"Oh, yes, father dear. I cannot leave you now!"

"It would be madness, Cynthia. You are well known, and you would be too easily recognized. Everybody turns to look at a handsome girl like you."

"If you can so cleverly disguise yourself, so can I."

"We have not time for that. Besides, why do you want to leave England so soon and so suddenly?"

"Oh, I don't—I don't!" said Cynthia, suddenly trembling and clinging to him. "Only I cannot bear the idea of your being without me now when you are in so much danger."

"I can send for you, when I am safe. You will come then?"

"Yes, father."

"You'll come straight, without waiting for any good-byes or to tell any one where you are going?"

"Yes, father—unless——"

"Well? Unless what?"

"Father, Mr. Lepel is very ill. They say that he has brain-fever. If he were dying, you would let me wait to say good-bye to him!"

She had put her hand through his arm, and was leaning against his shoulder. Her father looked at her sideways, with a rough pity mingled with admiration.

"Were you going to him now, Cynthia?"

"Yes, father."

"I've interrupted you. It's hard on you to have a father like me although he is an innocent man."

"I honor my father and I love him!" was Cynthia's swift response. "My greatest grief is that he cannot be near me always."

There was a silence; the cab had quitted the smoother roads and entered on a course of rattling stones. It was difficult to speak so as to be heard; but Westwood raised his voice.

"Cynthia!"

"Yes, father."

"It seems to me that you need watching over as much as ever you did when you was a little baby-girl. I don't see why you should be abandoned in your need any more than you're willing to abandon me. If I can be any sort of help to you, I won't try to leave London at all. I can hide away somewhere no doubt as other folks have done. There are places at the East-end where no one would notice me. Shall I stay, Cynthia?"

"Dear father! No, you will be no help to me—no comfort—if you are in danger!"

He put his arm around her and pressed her close to him; but he did not speak again until they reached the station. The streets were noisy and conversation was well-nigh impossible.

When they got out, Cynthia paid the cabman and dismissed him. Her father walked forward, glancing round him suspiciously as he went.

It was a quarter to eleven o'clock. Cynthia joined him in a dark corner of the great entrance-hall.

"I will take your ticket," she said. "Where will you go?"

Westwood hesitated for a moment.

"It's not safe, Cynthia. I will not go at all. I should only be arrested at the other end; I am sure of it. I'll tell you what we will do. You may go and take a ticket for Liverpool and bring it to me—in full view of that policeman there, who is eyeing us so suspiciously. Then you must say 'Good-bye' and walk straight out of the station. I will mingle with the crowd on the platform; but I will not go by train—I'll slip eastward and lose myself in Whitechapel. I've made up my mind—I don't start for Liverpool to-day."

"Perhaps you are right," said Cynthia, in a faltering voice. "But how shall I know where you are?"

"Better for you not to know, my dear. I shall put them off the scent in this way, and you will have no idea what has become of me. Now get my ticket and say good-bye—as affectionate and as public as you like. It will all tell in the long run; that bobby has his eye on us."

Cynthia did as she was desired. Her father kissed her pale agitated face several times, and made his adieux rather unnecessarily conspicuous.

Then Cynthia left the station, and her father made his way to the platform, where he mingled with the crowd, and finally got away by another door, and turned his face towards the illimitable east of London.

Cynthia did not take a cab again. It was a relief to walk, and she was in a neighborhood that she knew very well.

She turned into Euston Square, then down Woburn Place, and through Tavistock Square to Russell Square. She did not stay away from Hubert any longer.

She knew the house—it was the place to which she had come one autumn day when Mr. Lepel wanted to hear her sing. She had never been there since. The square looked strangely different to her, the trees in the garden, in spite of their green livery, gave no beauty to the scene.

It was as cheerless and as dark as it had been on the cold autumn morning when she had gone to learn her fate from the critic's lips; and yet the sun was shining now, and the sky overhead was blue.

But Cynthia's heart was sadder than it had been in the days of her friendlessness and poverty.

She rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Jenkins, who appeared almost at once and led the girl into Hubert's deserted sitting-room.

"Oh, miss, I'm so glad you have come!" she said. "For we can't get Mr. Lepel to be quiet at all, and we were just on the point of sending off for you, because he calls for you constant, and the doctor says, 'Could you get the lady he talks about to come and sit beside him for a little time?' That might calm him,' he says; 'and, if we calm him, we may save his life.'"

"Oh, is he so ill as that?" cried Cynthia in surprise.

"He couldn't be much worse, miss, the doctor says. Can you stay, miss, now you're here? Just for an hour or two at any rate!"

"I can stay as long as I can be of any use," said the girl desperately. "Nobody wants me—nobody will ask for me; it is better for me to be here."

The words fell unheeded on Mrs. Jenkins's ears. All that she cared about was the welfare of her husband's employer. Both Jenkins and his wife adored Mr. Lepel, and the thought that he might die in this illness had been agony to them—and not on their own account alone. They genuinely believed in Miss West's power of soothing and calming him, and Mrs. Jenkins could not do enough for the girl's comfort.

"You'll take off your things here, miss, will you not? And then I'll take you to Mr. Lepel's own room. But wouldn't you like a glass of wine or a cup of tea or something before you go in? You look terrible tired and harassed like, miss; and what you are going to see isn't exactly what will do you good. Poor Mr. Lepel he do look dreadful—and that's the long and short of it!"

"I don't want anything, thank you, Mrs. Jenkins," said Cynthia, faintly smiling; "and I should like to go to Mr. Lepel at once."

"Have you ever seen anything of sick people, miss, or done any nursing?"

"Never, Mrs. Jenkins."

"Don't be too frightened then, miss, when you first see Mr. Lepel. People with fevers often look worse than they really are."

Cynthia set her lips; if she was frightened, she would not show it, she resolved.

Then, after some slight delay, she was admitted to Hubert's room; and there, in spite of her resolution, at first she stood aghast.

It startled her to perceive that, although she knew his face so well, she might not have recognized it in an unaccustomed place.

It was discolored, and the eyes were bloodshot and wandering; the hair had been partially cut away from his head, and the stubble of an unshaven beard showed itself on cheeks and chin.

Any romance that might have existed in the mind of a girl of twenty concerning her lover's illness was struck dead at once and forever.

He was ill—terribly ill and delirious; he looked at her with a madman's eyes, and his face was utterly changed; his voice too, as he raised it in the constant stream of incoherent talk that escaped his lips, was hoarse and rasping and unnatural.

Anything less interesting, less attractive to a weak soul than this delirious fever-stricken man could not well be imagined; but Cynthia's soul was anything but weak.

She was conscious that never in her life had she loved Hubert Lepel so intensely, so devotedly as she loved him now. Something of the maternal instinct awakened within her at the sight of his great need.

He had no one to minister to his more subtle wants—no one to tend him out of pure love and sympathy. The man Jenkins, who sat beside the bed, ready to hold him down if, in his delirium, he should attempt to throw himself out of the window, was awkward and uncouth in a sick-room.

Mrs. Jenkins, although ready and willing to help, was longing to steal away to her little children at home.

The landlady down-stairs had announced that she could not possibly undertake to wait on an invalid.

All these facts became clear to Cynthia in a very little time. She saw, as soon as she entered the room, that the window-blind was awry and the curtains were wrongly hung, that the table and the chest of drawers were crowded with an untidy array of bottles, cups, and glasses, and that the whole aspect of the place was desolate.

This fact did not concern her at present however; her attention was given wholly and at once to the sick man.

She stood for a minute or two at the foot of the bed, realising with a pang the fact that he did not know her. His eyes rested upon her as he spoke; but there was no recognition in them.

She could not hear all he said; but, between strings of incoherent words and unintelligible phrases, some sentences caught her ear.

"She will not come," said the sick man—"she has given me up entirely! Quite right too! The world would say that she was perfectly right. And I am in the wrong—always—I have always been wrong; and there is no way out of it. Some one said that to me once—no way out of it—no way out of it—no way out of it—oh, Heaven!"

The sentence ended with a moan of agony which made Cynthia writhe with pain.

"He's always saying that," Jenkins whispered to her—"'No way out of it!' He keeps coming back to that as if—as if there was something on his mind."

Cynthia raised her hand to silence him. The torrent of words came again.

"It was not all my fault. It was Flossy's fault; but one cannot betray a woman, one's sister—can one? Even she would say that. But she has gone away, and she will never come back again. Cynthia—Cynthia! I might call as long as I pleased—she would never come. Why don't you fetch her, some of you? So many people here, and nobody will bring Cynthia to me! Cynthia, Cynthia, my love!"

"I am here, dear—I am here, beside you," said Cynthia.

But he did not seem to understand. She touched his hot hand with her own, and smoothed his fevered brow. The restless tongue went on.

"She has given me up, and I shall never see her any more! She gave me too hard a task: I could not do it—not all alone. It is done now. Yes, I have done it, and it has divided us for ever. Why did you make me speak, Cynthia? He was not miserable—he was happy. But I am to be miserable for ever and ever now. There is no way out of the misery—he was out of it—darkness and loneliness all my life, and worse afterwards. Cynthia, Cynthia, you are sending me to perdition!"

He half rose from his bed, and made as if he would struggle with her. Jenkins came to the rescue; but Cynthia would not move aside.

"Lie down, dearest," she was saying—"lie down and rest. Cynthia is here—Cynthia is with you; she will never leave you any more unless you send her away. Lie down, my darling, and try to rest."

He did not understand the words; but the sweet rhythm of her voice caught his ear. He fell back upon the pillows, staring, helpless, subdued. She kept her cool hand upon his brow.

"Is that Cynthia?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, dearest, it is Cynthia."

"How kind of her to come!" said Hubert, looking away from the girl as if Cynthia were on the other side of the room. "But she should not look so angrily at me. I have done what I could, you know. It is all right now, Cynthia; I have done what I could—I have saved him—indeed I have! I'll take the punishment—no way out of it but that! A life sentence—a life sentence for me!"

The words died away on his lips in a confused babble that they could not understand.

He murmured inarticulately for a time, but there came long pauses between the words, his eyelids drooped a little, and he grew perceptibly less flushed.

In about half an hour the doctor came into the room.

He cast a swift look at Cynthia, and another at his patient: then he nodded sagaciously.

"Better," he said curtly. "I thought so. Some more ice, Jenkins. He has been quieter since you came, I conclude, madam?"

Cynthia bowed her head.

"You are the lady for whom he has been asking so often? I know your face—Miss Cynthia West, I believe? Can you stay?"

"Yes," said Cynthia, without the least hesitation.

"If you keep him as quiet as that, you will save his life," said the doctor with confidence.

He beckoned Jenkins out of the sick-room and gave him various stringent orders and recommendations—to all which

Jenkins lent an attentive if a somewhat puzzled ear.

The doctor looked in again before he went away.

Mr. Lepel was lying back upon his pillows, perfectly motionless and silent; Miss West, kneeling beside the bed, still kept one hand on his, while gently with the other she put cooling applications to his head or merely laid her hand upon his forehead.

As long as she was touching him the patient seemed perfectly content. And again the doctor nodded—and this time he also smiled.

So passed the hours of that long summer day.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the light was fading a little, there was a new sound in Hubert Lepel's sick-room—the rustle of a silk dress, the tripping of little high-heeled shoes across the floor.

Cynthia looked round hastily, ready to hush the intruder; for Hubert was much quieter than he had been, and only murmured incoherent sentences from time to time.

A fresh outburst of delirium was of all things to be warded off if possible, and there was a faint hope that he might perhaps sleep.

If he slept, his life, humanly speaking, was saved. But it was hardly likely that sleep would come so soon.

Cynthia looked round prepared to rebuke the new-comer—for she had taken upon herself all the authority of nurse and queen-regnant in the sick-man's room; but her eyes fell upon a stranger whose face was as yet not altogether unknown to her.

She had seen it years before in the Beechfield lanes; she remembered it vaguely without knowing to whom it belonged. In her earlier years at school that face had stood in her imagination as the type of all that was cold and cruel and fair in ancient song or story, fable or legend.

It had figured as Medusa—as Circe; the wonderful wicked women of the Middle Ages had come to her in visions with just such subtle eyes, such languorous beauty, such fair white skins and yellow hair; the witch-woman of her weirdest dream had had the look of Florence Lepel; just as Hubert's far different features, with the dark melancholy expression of suffering stamped upon them, had stood out for her as those of Fouque's ideal knights, or of Bintram riding through the dark valley, of Lancelot sinning and repenting, of saint, hero, martyr, paladin, in turn, until she grew old enough to banish such foolish dreams.

She had been a strangely imaginative child; and these two faces seemed to have haunted her all her life.

That of her hero lay beside her, stricken with illness, fevered, insensible; that of the evil woman—for this Cynthia instinctively believed Florence Vane to be—confronted her with a strange, mocking, malignant smile.

Cynthia put up her hand.

"Hush!" she said quietly. "He is not to be disturbed."

"Are you the nurse?" said Mrs. Vane's cool light voice.

"I am a friend," replied Cynthia quietly. "If you wish to talk to me, I will come into the other room."

"Upon my word, you take things calmly!" said Florence. "I really never dreamt —— It is a most embarrassing situation!"

But she did not look embarrassed in the least; neither did Cynthia.

A heavier step on the boards now made itself heard, and the General's face, ruddy and framed in venerable gray hairs, pressed forward over his wife's shoulder.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—this is very bad!" he grumbled either to himself or to Flossy. "Poor lad—poor lad! He looks very ill—he does indeed!"

Flossy came closer to the bed.

As soon as she drew near, her brother seemed to grow uneasy; he began to turn his head from side to side, to move his hands and to mutter incoherent words.

"You disturb him," said Cynthia, looking at Mrs. Vane. "The doctor says that he must be kept perfectly quiet. Will you kindly go into the other room, and, if you want me, I will come to you."

"We are not particularly likely to want you, young woman," said Florence coldly. "If you are not a qualified nurse, I do not see why you should try to turn Mr. Lepel's own sister out of the room. It is your place to go—not mine."

For an answer, Cynthia turned again to Hubert, and began applying ice to his fevered head.

She seemed absorbed by her task, and took no further notice of the visitors. For once Flossy felt herself a little quelled.

She turned to Mrs. Jenkins, who had followed her into the room.

"Has not the Doctor procured a proper nurse yet for Mr. Lepel?" she said quite angrily.

Mrs. Jenkins fidgeted, and looked at Cynthia.

"The young lady," she said at last, "seems to be doing all that is required, ma'am. The Doctor says as we couldn't do better."

"In that case my dear," said the pacific General, "I think that we had better not interfere with existing arrangements. We will go back to the hotel and inquire again in the morning."

"Go back to the hotel, and leave that person in possession?" cried Flossy, with true and virtuous scorn. "Are you mad, General? I will not put up with such a thing for a moment! She will go out of this house before I go!"

These words reached Cynthia's ears. The girl simply smiled.

The smile said, as plainly as words could have done, that she would not leave Hubert Lepel's rooms unless she was taken away from them by force.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jenkins was whispering and explaining, the General was expostulating, and Flossy waxed apparently more and more irate every moment.

Cynthia, with her hand on Hubert's pulse, felt it growing faster; his incoherent words were spoken with energy; he was beginning to raise his head from the pillow and gaze about him with wild excited eyes.

She turned sharply towards the visitors.

"Go into the other room at once!" she said, with sudden decision. "You have aroused him already—you have done him harm! Keep silence or go, if you wish to save his life!"

The passionate ring of her voice, low though it was, had its effect.

The General stopped short in a sentence; Mrs. Jenkins looked at the bed with a frightened air; Flossy, with an impatient gesture, walked towards the sitting-room. But at the door she paused and looked back at Cynthia, whose eyes were still fixed upon her.

What there was in that look perhaps no one else could see; but it magnetized Cynthia.

The girl rose from her knees, gently withdrew her hand from Hubert's nerveless fingers, and signed to Mrs. Jenkins to take her place.

Then, after watching for a moment to see that the patient lay quietly and did not seem distressed by her departure, she followed Mrs. Vane into the other room. The General hovered about the door, uncertain whether to go or to remain.

The two women faced each other silently.

They were both beautiful, but they bore no likeness one to the other.

There could not have been a more complete contrast than that presented by Florence Vane and Cynthia Westwood as they confronted each other in Hubert's sitting-room.

Cynthia stood erect, looking very tall and pale in her straight black gown; her large dark eyes were heavy from fatigue and grief, her lips had taken a pathetic downward curve, and her dusky hair had been pushed back carelessly from her fine brow.

There was a curious dignity about her—a dignity which seemed to proceed chiefly from her own absence of self-consciousness, swallowed up as this had been in the depth of a great sorrow.

Opposite to her stood Florence, self-conscious and alert in every nerve and vein, but hiding her agitation under an exterior of polished grace and studiedly haughty courtesy, her fair beauty framed in an admirable setting of exquisite colors and textures, her whole appearance indescribably dainty and delicate, like that of some rare Eastern bird which hesitates where to set its feet in a strange place.

Thus the two saw each other; and Flossy felt vaguely that Cynthia ought to be at a disadvantage, but that in some strange and miraculous manner she was not. Indeed it was Cynthia who took the lead and spoke first.

"If you wish to speak to me," she said, "I am here; but I cannot leave Mr. Lepel for long."

"I have no wish to speak—necessity alone compels me," said Mrs. Vane, giving the girl a haughty stare from under her half-closed eyelids. "I am compelled, I fear, to ask you a few questions. I presume that a nurse is coming?"

"I think not. The Doctor said he would not send one so long as Jenkins and I were here."

"And pray how long do you mean to remain here?"

"As long as he has need of me."

"You are under a mistake," said Mrs. Vane loftily. "Mr. Lepel did not send for you, I believe?"

"He called for me in his delirium," answered Cynthia, whose eyes were beginning to be lighted up as if from an inward fire. "He is quiet only when I am here."

Flossy laughed derisively.

"A good reason! Is he not quiet now, with the woman Jenkins at his side? You will perhaps allow that his relatives—his family—have some right to attend to him during his illness; and I must really say very plainly—since you compel me to do so—that I should prefer to see him nursed by a professional nurse, and not by a young girl whose very presence here is a scandal to all propriety."

Cynthia drew herself up to her full height.

"I think I can scarcely understand you," she said. "I am acting under the doctor's orders, and am here by his authority. There can be no scandal in that. When Mr. Lepel is conscious and can spare me, I will go."

"Spare you! He will be only too glad to spare you!" cried Mrs. Vane. "I do not know what your connection with him has been—I do not want to know"—the insinuation conveyed by her tone and manner was felt by Cynthia to be in itself an insult; "but this I am fully convinced of, that my poor brother could not possibly have known that you were the daughter of that wretched criminal, Andrew Westwood—the man who murdered Sydney Vane! If he had known that, he would never have wished to see your face again!"

She saw the girl wince, as if she had received a cut with a whip, and for a moment she triumphed.

The General, who was just inside the room, listening anxiously to the conversation, now came to her aid.

He stepped forward hurriedly, his face growing crimson, his lower jaw working, his eyes seeming to turn in his head as he heard the words.

"What is that? What—this young person the daughter of Westwood the murderer? Abominable! What business has she here? It is an insult to us all!"

Cynthia turned upon him like a wild animal at bay, defiance flashing in her mournful magnificent dark eyes.

"My presence insults you less than the words Mrs. Vane has spoken insult me!" she cried, tossing back her head with the proud stag-like gesture which Hubert had learned to know so well. "She is more cruel than I ever thought one woman could be to another! She must know that I have nothing to reproach myself with—that my life is as pure as hers—purer, if all one hears is true."

She could not deny herself the vengeful taunt, but was recalled to her better self when she saw Florence blanch under it and suddenly draw back.

"But about myself I do not choose to speak. Of my father I will say one word—to you, sir, who I am sure will be just at least to one who craves only for justice—my father, sir, was innocent of the crime for which he was condemned; and some day his innocence will be manifested before all eyes. Mr. Lepel knows—he knew before he was taken ill—that I am Andrew Westwood's daughter. I told him a few days ago."

"And no wonder he was so much horrified with the news this illness is the result. I see now," said Mrs. Vane coolly, "why this breakdown has taken place. The poor boy, General, has been so harassed and overcome by the discovery that his brain has for the time being given way. And yet this girl pretends that he wants her to remain!"

"I appeal to the doctor," said Cynthia, suddenly turning as white as Florence herself had done. "If he supports me, you will yield to his decision? If he says that I am not necessary here, I will go. I have no wish to inflict my presence on those to whom it is unwelcome."

She glanced proudly from Mrs. Vane to the General. The old man was much perturbed.

He was walking about the room, muttering to himself, his lips protruding, his brow wrinkled with anger and distrust.

"Too bad—too bad!" Cynthia heard him say. "Westwood's daughter—nursing Hubert too! Tut, tut—a bad business this!"

Cynthia resolved upon a bold stroke—she would address him.

"Sir," she said, taking a step towards him, "will you listen to me for a moment? I promise you that I will go if the Doctor says that I am not wanted. You need not fear that I shall force myself upon you. I only ask you to forgive me the fact of being my father's daughter until Mr. Lepel is a little stronger—if the Doctor says that I must not leave him yet. When he is better I vow—I swear that you shall never be troubled by me again. But till then, have pity! Let me help to nurse him; he has been my best friend in the whole world, and I have never been able to do anything for him! When he is better, I will go away. Till then, for pity's sake, sir, let me stay!"

Here her voice broke; she clasped her hands before her and held down her head to hide her tears.

The General, brought to a sudden stop by her appeal to him, eyed her with a mixture of native pity and long-cultivated deference.

He could not but be sorry for her, although she was Westwood's daughter and, by all reports, not much better than perhaps than she should be; for he firmly believed in the truth of all Flossy's malignant hints and innuendoes.

But Cynthia was a handsome woman, and the General was weak; he could not bear to see a handsome woman give way to tears.

"My good girl," he stammered—and then Flossy's significant smile made him stammer all the more—"my girl, I—I do not wish to blame you—personally, of course—not your fault at all—we can't help it's being painful, you know."

"Painful—yes," cried Cynthia eagerly; "but pain is sometimes necessary! You will not drive me away from Hubert's bedside if I can be of any use to him?"

"No, no—I suppose not," said the General, melting in spite of himself. "I would not for the world do anything to harm Hubert. Suppose we hear what the Doctor says?"

Cynthia's hand was on the bell immediately, and Jenkins showed himself at the door without delay.

"Jenkins," she said, "it is very important that we should have the Doctor here at once. Mrs. Vane—General Vane—want ——"

"Give your own orders, General," said Flossy.

She could not lose a chance of annoying and insulting Cynthia.

"H'm, ha—the Doctor, my man," said the General, rather taken aback by the demands upon him; "get us the Doctor as soon as you can. Tell him—tell him Mr. Lepel's relatives are here, and no doubt he will come at once."

There was a little silence in the room when Jenkins had disappeared upon his errand.

The General stood, with his hands clasped behind him, looking out of the window; Mrs. Vane sunk into a chair, in which she lay back, her graceful neck turned aside, as if she wanted to avoid the sight of Cynthia, who meanwhile stood upon the hearthrug, head bent and hands folded, waiting patiently for what she felt would be the decision on her fate.

Presently Mrs. Vane moved a little, fixed her cold eyes on the motionless figure before her, and spoke in tones so low that they did not reach the General's ears.

"What have you done with your father?" she asked.

Cynthia raised her eyes to Mrs. Vane's face for a moment with a flash of scorn in their lustrous depths. She made no other answer.

"You need not think," said Florence deliberately, "that I do not know where he has been until to-day. I know all about him."

"Yes; you have set your spies on him," said Cynthia, in equally low but bitter tones. "I was aware of that."

"I know of his movements up to eleven o'clock this morning, and so do the police," said Mrs. Vane. "He came to you this morning—perhaps by appointment, perhaps not—how do I know?—and you drove away with him to St. Pancras Station. There you took his ticket to Liverpool—there you said good-bye. Why did you not wait to see him off? The answer is easy to read—because he never went to Liverpool at all. Did you think we were children like yourself that you could throw dust in our eyes as easily as that?"

Cynthia's dilated eyes asked a question that her lips would not utter. Flossy smiled.

"You want to know if he has been taken. Not yet; but he soon will be. You should not have been seen with him if you wanted him to escape. I suppose you were not aware that the relationship was known?"

No, this certainly Cynthia had not known.

"You have been the means of identifying him to the police," Mrs. Vane went on, with the cruel smile still playing about the thin lips; "otherwise we should hardly have been sure that he had changed his disguise. I almost wonder that you never thought of that."

Then Cynthia made a desperate attempt to stem the tide.

"You are mistaken," she said.

Mrs. Vane laughed softly.

"You had better not try to tell lies about it—it is not your forte. Brazen it out, as you have done hitherto, and you may succeed. A detective has been to Madame della Scala's house already, and he will probably find you out—if you stay here—before long. I am afraid that you are not a very good hand at keeping a secret; but I have put you on your guard, and you should thank me."

"I do not thank you for torturing me," said Cynthia, with a hard dry sob that seemed to born of agony. "I would rather face all the police and the magistrates of London than you! They will have no difficulty about finding me. If I cannot stay here, I will go back to Madame della Scala's house."

"Which you will find closed to you," said Flossy. "After the story that she has heard, Madame della Scala refuses to receive you there again. You seem to think very little of your father's crime, Miss Westwood; but you will not find society condone it so easily."

Cynthia's face flashed hotly, but she did not reply.

"You had better go away," said Mrs. Vane, leaning forward and speaking almost in a whisper. "Go, and tell no one where you are going—it will be better for you. The police will be here before long, and possibly they may arrest you."

"I do not think they can do that. No, I shall not hide myself."

"It would be safer for your father," said Flossy, almost inaudibly. "Listen—I will make a bargain with you. If you go, I will hide part of my own knowledge—I will not let the woman Meldreth describe him accurately—I will help you to put the detectives off the track; and, in return, you will go away at once—where I care not—and never see Hubert again. You may save your father then."

"I will make no bargain with you!" said Cynthia sharply.

She looked straight into the white subtle face—straight into the brown eyes, full now of a secret fear.

"You forget that God protects the innocent and punishes the guilty. I will stay with Hubert; and God will defend my father and the right."

"Your father will be hanged yet," said Florence Vane, turning away restlessly.

It was her only answer to the girl's courageous words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fond Lover—"Is your pa in, Addie?" Gentle Maiden—"Yes, but you may come in." F. L.—"I don't think he likes me, and he might—" G. M.—"There is no need of being afraid; he is engaged." F. L.—"Engaged is he?" G. M.—"Yes. He stayed out till after twelve last night and went off this morning without giving me a chance to talk to him. She is talking to him now, and he won't be in this part of the house for the next three hours. Come right in."

SMILE not at the legend as vain, that once in holy hands a worthless stone becomes a heap of silver. Let thy alchemist be contentment, and stone or ore will be equal to thee.

IF any one tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuse about what is said about you, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone."

IDLE DAYS.

BY F. W. B.

Sing me a song of idle days
When golden languor is on the ways,
And far away, where the upland ends,
Among red corn the reaper bends.

And farther the faint line of the sea
Lies blue, to mind us our land is free!
Sing me a song of idle days
When Love dreams in a golden haze.

A MAN'S FRIEND.

BY B. DEMPSTER.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Jenkins, are you going to funk it?"

"No."

But Jenkins—a lad of about twelve—still lingered, some feeling struggling for utterance in his usually expressionless face.

It was a dark spring night. The air chill, but full of the perfumes of new-turned earth and rising sap.

A scented poplar grew close to where the boys were standing, near a little gate, on the outskirts of their school-grounds.

Its fragrance of budding leaf was so sweet, that it touched even the unobserving and, at this moment, keenly excited senses of the two schoolboys plotting there at the wicket-gate. The first one gave a sniff of appreciation.

"Jolly scent, isn't it, Jenkins?"

But, to Jenkins, the scent, the chill air, the night darkness, seemed to mingle together, and stir his soul more deeply with the vague uneasiness which already troubled him.

He never passed near a poplar afterwards, without some such feeling moving him again.

"Of course, if you're going to funk it ——"

Lethbridge exclaimed in scornful disappointment again, with that appreciative sniff of the poplar.

"I'm not!" irritably. "I've never funked anything you have ever asked me to do yet!"

"No; that you haven't!" with a note of affectionate admiration, its value is slightly marred by another of patronising kindliness. "You have stuck to me through thick and thin since——"

"You thrashed that brute Davis for me. And I'll stick to you yet——"

"All right. It's a compact; you do what I want, and I'll fight your battles!" with a laugh. "I'd trust you through fire and water," went on Lethbridge, knowing perfectly well how the eyes of the other boy, in whose arm he had linked his own, lighted with pleasure, "and that's why I have asked you to do this. I'd have gone myself, you know, only we gave our word of honor to the Doctor that we would not attempt to leave the boundaries again after lock-up. As it is, I've risked a good deal by coming out now, to meet you. If old Hudson found I had left my room, he wouldn't let me go up for the Bayle Scholarship to-morrow, and then it would be good-bye to my future. I wish I could go——"

"You cut back to the house," with feverish eagerness, "I told you I was going; but tell me this. Do you think it is—right?" he dropped his voice at the word, with a nervous glance about him as if half ashamed of its utterance.

Lethbridge certainly stared. That Jenkins—the most inveterate liar, the most subtle evader of justice, the most thorough-paced little sneak, who never minded how dirty the work was, so long as its carrying out was adequately rewarded—should raise any question of ethics, was overwhelming.

Lethbridge laughed, intensely amused, as he recovered himself. Then with indignant gravity:

"Right? Do you think I would send you if it weren't? Can't you see, yourself, that it is the only way to punish that spiteful, avaricious old Jonathan Day? Right?" his eyes kindling. "Think of poor Bob turned out of the house, and left to die under a hedge. What better way of paying him out, than to let him return the day after to-morrow, and find his house burned to the ground? But you're afraid——"

"I ain't. You get back—if you were caught outside, there's no knowing how it might get twisted round."

"Well, are you going?"

"I'm off."

He turned and vanished, with swift, stealthy feet, into the darkness of the hedge's shadow.

For all his shrinking from positions of violent discomfort and danger, Jenkins was possessed of a curious kind of cunning courage, which the other boys recognised, but could not understand.

But as he never raised a hand to defend himself, they bullied him terribly, or, rather, had done so, till Lethbridge, with his usual pluck and impetuous daring, championed his cause so effectually, that now not a boy in all the large school, ventured to lay a finger on him.

In return for this chivalrous defence, there was no act, save one of open defiance or self-assertion, that Jenkins would not do for Lethbridge; and this devotion was genuine affection.

Therefore, to-night, he was going on a mission of real peril—through a peril that could be met with caution and cunning—to do the will of his friend.

He had a lonely way and the dark night to face; but the loneliness and darkness he courted, as the chief factors in his safety.

Lethbridge stood at the wicket-gate, straining his eyes through the darkness to see the last of the slender, swift-running figure.

"Poor Jenkins!"

A smile, half-amused, half contemptuous crossed Lethbridge's lips.

"He'd put his head into a lion's den, if I paid him well enough for it."

And then he forgot the messenger, in the thought of the mission.

Suppose it should fail?

He shivered from head to foot, as if with physical cold, and yet he was not even conscious of the long, damp grasses in which he stood, nor of the chill night wind soughing through the plantation in fitful notes of rising and falling.

The beautiful boyish face was set, the eyes blazing with the excitement and passion stirring his heart.

He owed this hard-hearted, selfish, surly old miser a grudge, and he was paying it.

If he had read his heart of hearts, he might have seen that it was not to avenge "poor Bob," but himself.

But, impetuous with strong feelings, he never analysed his actions which followed swift on his roused passions.

But even he, who had never known a thrill of fear since he could walk, did not dare linger longer.

Should he by any chance be missed from his bed that night, what would be known the next day, would give it perhaps a significance he could not explain.

Reluctantly, he turned away, and hurried back to the school-house, out of which he had let himself by a rope from his own bedroom window.

A few moments more, he was back again in his room, the window closed, and no signs to show, that one of the inmates of the sleeping house had been taking a nocturnal walk.

It was characteristic of him that when he lay in bed shivering from the cold and exposure, which he felt now in its after-effects, he thought of Jenkin's safety, and wished that he, too, were well out of the peril, back in bed in that isolated cottage, where he lived but a hard, friendless existence with a relative who took no notice of his comings and goings, save by harshness and grumbling at the cost of his keep.

Perhaps, it was a sense of this dreary neglect and grudging, which made Jenkins' home-life so different to his own, wrapped in with the devoted love of a mother, that strengthened Lethbridge's championship of his less fortunate schoolmate.

Oddly enough, for he had not once remembered it, after it had been asked and answered by himself, with that passionate outburst of contempt and reproach, his dreams that night, when he fell at last into a restless, uneasy sleep, were haunted by that question of Jenkins's.

All that night through, in his dream-wanderings, it seemed as if he were being urged on by some unknown, but irresistible will; now climbing slowly, laboriously up some apparently, at first, inaccessible mountain, to reach, at last, the summit, and drink in for one brief moment, the most exquisite delight of life-giving air and glorious scenery, to be forced the next, by the same compelling influence, to descend into valleys desolate and gloomy, and full of dreaded suggestions.

In every place that his feet reached, he found Jenkins waiting for him—standing before him with that pale, anxious face, and that curious, dumb question in his eyes, and always asking that one question:

"Is it right?"

The ever-waiting figure at first met with a kind of contemptuous indifference, at last began to fill him with a kind of nervous dread and expectancy, which, at each recurring appearance, grew until at last it became a horrible fear and oppression; until every step forward that he took, and from which there was no turning back, because of that unknown, inexorable will forcing him on, became anguish unspeakable, certain as he was, that in that gloomy pass, on that glorious mountain-top, on the banks of that sunlit river, down in that far-off, lonely valley, that figure awaited him, with its eternal question.

And the question grew shriller and clearer, till it became like a trumpet-blast, and the agony of its piercing note awoke him at last, and he found himself lying in his bed, bathed in a cold sweat, with the dressing-bell clanging furiously through the house.

At breakfast-time, the school was full of excitement.

The postman had brought news of the burning down in the night of old Miser Day's house—a decaying, half-timbered house, situated in a lonely opening of the mountains, about three-quarters of a mile from the margin of the lake.

The fire must have broken out after midnight, when there was no chance of the flames being seen from the distant cottages scattered about the hill-sides, and its dried and rotten timbers, its state of disrepair, had all conduced to make the fire swift and furious.

A shepherd early that morning had found it still burning, but past all saving.

In one of the rooms, on the threshold, as if trying to escape, they found the body of the owner, horribly charred and burned, but the face still distinguishable, owing to a mass of wreckage and rafters which had fallen over him, without crushing him very badly.

He must have been asleep when the fire broke out, and only awoke half-suffocated by the heat and smoke, which overpowered him before he could reach the stairs.

All the day-boys, as they arrived, were eagerly questioned by the borders, during the short time before the school opened, about the ghastly details.

Jenkins, who was one of the day-boys, was also surrounded by those who could get near the arrivals, supposed to be able to give fuller and more authentic accounts of the fire.

He told them what he knew, which was little more than they had already heard if he was allowed to go off to the schoolroom.

In the corridor leading to it, he met Lethbridge.

It was a glorious spring morning; through the open window just by them, came the fresh, sweet air, floating across the garden-beds of primroses and violets—Lethbridge, to the day of his death, never saw a primrose or a violet in his rooms again—and the sunlight streamed in on the two' faces, which had grown ashen white as they met each other.

"Is it true?" asked Lethbridge, in a whisper.

Jenkins nodded.

Then, after an effort to force his dry lips to speak:

"He must have come back to the Manor. He was seen yesterday afternoon going towards Broadsmead, where he always took his ticket; and then——"

There was another silence.

"The fellows—they'll be sure to question you," began Lethbridge, and stopped, voice failing him.

"They have; but they haven't found out anything from me. But here they come: don't for Heaven's sake look like that, Leth. We must must be careful; and we must stick together now, through thick and thin."

Lethbridge shuddered, and turned away from the pale, eager face, and terrified eyes.

What sort of compact was this to be, sealed by the mark of Cain?

CHAPTER II.

IN a luxuriously, though perfectly furnished apartment of his chambers in Piccadilly, sat one of the most promising young men of the day.

A man who had, without influence or money, but by splendid talents and capacity for seizing every opportunity that fate or circumstances brought him, raised himself to an enviable position among other men; a man of whom political leaders had already taken note, and to whom important overtures had more than once been made.

He represented a borough in which his family had been known and represented for generations, and his constituents had the most unbounded faith in his brilliant powers.

He was one of the fortunate ones of the earth, for physical advantages were added to mental talents; and at thirty-five, Ralph Lethbridge was as handsome a man as he had been a boy.

He excelled in all physical feats, and a certain courteous gentleness of manner, combined with his great strength, made him irresistible.

The old frank face of his boyhood still lingered, in spite of years of ambitious toil; and it was perhaps this, as well as his eloquence and genius, which made his influence unbounded over those with whom he came in contact.

But this June morning, his face looked old and haggard, his manner depressed.

For this morning, he was looking upon a side of his life, totally different to the brilliant aspect presented to the world which admired, coveted, praised, and envied him.

This was his own private view, upon which no one ever gazed but himself—and that other man sitting at the table near him.

"What, Jenkins!" Lethbridge sprang to his feet as that other man uttered a short sentence, "turn traitor to my country and party! Better the ruin that threatens me a hundred times!" he explained, with a passionate gesture, which made him, in spite of his added years, so curiously like the boy, who had so righteously denounced Jonathan Day's cruelty, years before.

And yet the light that kindled in his eyes was different.

It was rather the brilliancy of excited and painful effort.

Yet so subtle and gradual had been the change, that had made this difference in the boy and man possible, that he had not perceived it himself, and for the moment, at least, had no idea that it was merely acting—acting splendid, indeed, as it deceived himself—but only acting; for the spirit that had given life to his passionate, eager words as a boy, was dead—slowly done to death through the years that had intervened.

Jenkins watched him, a little anxiously, a little angrily.

He had no wish to let his friend's safety and his own fortunes be marred by heroic sentiments of patriotism.

"You must choose one thing or the other," irritably. "Ruin or safety. I can't keep things quiet any longer. The Government would do it quietly. Winchester will manage it so, that it will only look like a strange conviction on your part. You politicians change your coats half a dozen times, for less reason than you have now," with a laugh, which jarred upon the hearer, so totally free from real enjoyment it was. "It's not the first time he's saved men in the Opposition from ruin by ——"

"Infamy!" with bitterness.

Jenkins shrugged his shoulders. There was a silence, Lethbridge pacing restlessly up and down the room.

Jenkins sat slowly making dots with his pencil on a piece of blotting paper, putting them in with the most mathematical regularity, as if he were trying to form some design of which every dot was one of infinite importance.

So they were, as each dot represented some proposition suggested by his brain, with its argument for or against, set by it.

He looked up at last with a strange intent look at his friend, who was standing staring with dark face through the window.

"There are two other ways," he said "but they are bad—in comparison to your giving your vote to the Government. The first thing is old Jonathan Day's will."

"Good Heavens, Jenkins!" broke from Lethbridge's lips.

Then he strode over to the table and brought his clenched fist down heavily on it.

"What a devil of a tempter you are!" he said in a fierce whisper.

For a moment he looked as if he could have rent Jenkins into a thousand pieces.

But Jenkins, who had been his servant for all these years, who had studied every mood, pandered to every passion, stood in every breach made by his friend's recklessness, or folly, or too eager ambition, to his own profit and to Lethbridge's worldly success and fame, read his eyes and analysed their rage.

There was something more than mere fury—there was complete fear, desperation, desire.

"Sit down, Lethbridge, and let us go through the case. When old Jonathan Day died he left a will, in which the whole of his property was to go to a niece's child, a girl. But it was to accumulate for twenty years. At the end of that time, and not before, she was to inherit, as she would then, according to his calculation, be thirty years of age, and, therefore, old enough to understand the value of money. A ridiculous will; for we all know what women are! If she died before that time, the money was to go to the next of kin, provided he lived an unstained life. If he had disgraced himself in any way, it was to go to certain charities mentioned. Now, that the girl was advertised for, searched for, and during all these years nothing has been heard of her, and the charities aforesaid, knowing you to be the next of kin, have been keeping a close look-out on your conduct. To this day that girl's existence is a profound myth."

Neither of the men looked at each other, but each was perfectly conscious of the other's face.

"In a month more, this term of twenty years has expired, and if you will, you can enter upon this inheritance, which all these years has been accumulating until it is a fortune, great enough to make you a match for a Duke's daughter."

There was not a single word uncalculated, though the voice that uttered them was low and monotonous—almost indifferent.

"It is almost incredible, the difference this fortune would make in your position. Without it, two months, at the very outside, must see you ruined—your life to-day so full of honor and promise, degraded, blasted, and you yourself hunted down as a felon."

"For Heaven's sake! You will drive me mad!"

That low, monotonous voice, with its suggestions raising an answer from every evil and weakness of his own heart, pierced his brain, like that single note that haunted the brain of the great musician, till he went mad at its sounding.

"There is the other way," raising his eyes now with that same strange, keen gaze. "Marry that woman."

"Marry her!"

Into the pale misery of Lethbridge's face struggled other feelings—dismay, loathing, anger.

A radiant vision of another woman rose up before him.

"I could not! She is old, and you say she is faded, and worn. And she is a common sempstress!"

A dull red flush which had mantled in Jenkins's face at the words of intolerable disgust, faded, leaving him exceedingly pale.

He knew the name of that radiant vision the Lady Winifred Dacre—a Duke's daughter, who had come out only that season—a lovely little girl, and among whose admirers and lovers, Lethbridge was always counted.

A favored one, too, for the girl was flattered by the homage of this brilliant, handsome lover, of whose future, such great things were predicted.

Jenkins had seen her from afar off, for he had never entered the charmed circles opened to his old school-fellow; and as he thought of her beauty now, he compared her with another woman, whom he had seen only yesterday—a woman thirteen years older, with faded face, and eyes grave from privation and toil, with seamed fingers and shabby gowns.

No; decidedly not.

It was not likely a man would choose such a woman as this, when that vision, with the lovely girl's eyes full of laughter, with rank and power for a setting of her beauty, was shining in his eyes.

"Go away!" said Lethbridge, hoarsely, in a tone with which he might have spoken to a mad dog. "I can't stand any more of this!"

Jenkins rose, the savage brutality pierc-

ing even the armor of self-repression with which he shielded himself; and again the dull red color, which only showed when he was deeply moved, tinged his cheek. But he did not resent it.

"You're not yourself," he said quietly. "I'll go now, and leave you to think over it."

CHAPTER III.

THAT same afternoon, at an unusually early hour for Jenkins, who lived only for work, he left his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where he practised as a solicitor and hailing a hansom, gave the address of a street in the East End.

Lawyers' business takes them to strange spots; but it could hardly have taken any one to a less inviting place, this hot afternoon, than Bolton's Rents.

It was a dark, narrow alley, leading out of a great thoroughfare, and opening at the other end into a small flagged court, shut in on all sides, except by that narrow opening, by tall, dilapidated houses.

The air was stifling and sickly with that indescribable odor which rises from places inhabited for generations by poverty-stricken humanity.

It was full of the shrill cries of the children, who swarmed in every doorway, and played those pitiful fragments of games, handed down from a distant past of happier and healthier things, to those little waifs of a great city's gutter.

Picking his way through the ragged, sharp-eyed, old-faced babies, the lawyer reached a house, the door of which, after the fashion of the other houses that hot afternoon, stood wide open.

He entered and mounted the dirty broken stairs.

The paper on the walls was black with smoke and dirt, torn off here and there, exposing lath and plaster, which, themselves, in many places had suffered from the wear and tear of the rough, overcrowded, order-indifferent life, passing ceaselessly up and down the stairs.

But when he reached the last flight of all—leading to the garret—matters improved somewhat.

This flight was scrubbed scrupulously clean.

The walls had been patched with strange and varied papers.

There were even one or two highly colored prints of painful perspective, adorning the wall which faced one of the doors of the tiny landing.

The lawyer stopped for a moment to gaze, with solemn interest, at the most astounding of them all.

It was a problem, which not even his subtle wit could solve, how any persons with sane reason could invest their money in such a production.

This picture, however, covered a large, unsightly blotch in the wall, so it had its uses.

The sound of a woman's voice, breaking into a snatch of song beyond the door behind him, made him turn as if faintly startled.

He listened for a second, then knocked at the door.

It was opened immediately.

He knew, having been there once or twice before, that if the visitor were the Queen herself, the room would be ready to receive her.

A tall, slender woman in the doorway, smiled him a pleased greeting.

It way a tiny little room, and the tall lawyer had to bend his head as he crossed the threshold.

Up here, near the roof, the heat was more intense; but it had this advantage, that through the little dormer window, the blue sky could be seen, and the shrill voices of the children were softened by the distance.

The room was exquisitely clean; the walls, a very patchwork of odds and ends of paper, which hid, as on the staircase, ugly tears and holes, while the same kind of pictorial decorations adorned their surface.

There was scarcely any furniture: a bed, consisting of a mattress, neatly covered in the daytime with a colored quilt; a small deal table, on which stood at the present moment a cup and teapot, with a loaf of bread and a little pot of treacle.

There was a chair, by which lay the work she had just laid down, and by which she earned that daily bread.

A small cupboard faced the door. There were only two signs that betrayed anything but barest necessity.

One was a bowl of lovely roses set on the table, and the other the spirit-lamp with which she had just made her tea.

"You see," she said, with a bright smile, as her visitor took the chair, "I make good use of your kind present. And the roses that you sent me this morning—oh, the roses!"

"I am glad you liked them; they are just blooming themselves to death in the garden," he said.

He wondered if she would have had any tea at all this afternoon but for the gift of his lamp, which he had accompanied by a goodly store of spirits enough to last for months.

He rather thought not, as the last time he had come, he had found her drinking water, apparently because there was no fire to boil the kettle.

She brought out another cup from the cupboard.

"May I give you some tea?" she said, in the sweet self-possessed tone of a well-bred woman.

This was one of the things that always astonished him so in her, for she must have been still a child, when circumstances cast her adrift from the society to which by birth she belonged, and left her to earn her own daily bread with the working classes.

"But," she added, with a shadow of dismayed regret, "I have no butter; and perhaps you don't like treacle?"

Jenkins hastily glanced at the pot, repressing a shudder.

He had never tasted treacle since he was a boy, and felt he was now too old to begin again.

But he took the tea with a curious feeling, which might almost have been pleasure, that he could accept this hospitality from her.

There was no other chair, so she sat down on a box near the small window to drink hers.

"I saw Maria, yesterday," she said flushing, as she always did when moved by any feeling, "and she told me how good you——"

"Oh, please, Miss Day, don't mention it. You see, I always feel that I was the cause of her accident."

A fortnight before, when driving in a hansom, the horse had bolted, and knocked down one of the two girls, crossing the road at the time.

The girl, who was very badly hurt, was a friend of this Phemie Day's, and shared her room.

As Jenkins jumped out from the wreckage of the cab, which was smashed to pieces a few yards further down the road, he recognized, bending over the senseless figure in the road, the woman of whose existence he had become aware a week previously.

She, of course, knew nothing of him, nor of how he had been watching her during the last week, and only was intensely grateful for his kindness then, and since, to her poor little friend, now lying in the hospital.

Quite a friendly acquaintanceship had risen between them; and partly through this, and partly through his argument that it would add to her sick friends future comfort, when she would be well enough to come home, Phemie had accepted his present of the means for making tea, which was her only luxury.

They sat now talking a little of Maria, and of her anxiety to get home again, to help earn the daily bread, and pay the rent; and then to the labor these latter facts entailed.

He looked at this woman as she sat there in a graceful, though rather weary attitude the warm sunlight bringing out tints he had never noticed in her hair before, and shining in her eyes; and he saw how shapely were her arms and bust, how pretty the lines of her throat and head.

With good food and sufficient, with rest and freedom from anxiety, the contour would fill out, the flesh grow white and, firm; the lips, too hard and set now, grow softer, as the smiles came very much oftener.

It was an anomaly that struck and stirred even him—who was to benefit so largely by it—that this woman, heiress to thousands, should not have sufficient to eat.

His eyes glanced restlessly away from hers to the wall before him; but Daniel, with a red face, glowering at him from a group of inoffensive, but copper-colored lions, made him wince.

"You don't like those pictures," she said hastily; "but Maria likes them. They belonged to her father; and I cannot hurt her feelings by saying that I don't."

"You don't like them then?" with relief, and then forgetting the impertinence of the question in his anxiety to know why she was so different to her surroundings, "why don't you like them?"

She flushed warmly and then laughed.

"Perhaps—because I have been taught differently."

"You would have disliked them without lessons," he said, abruptly; "you could not like anything that was crude, and common."

She did not answer his remark: but it seemed to have pained her in some way, for her brows contracted, and her lips grew hard.

"Would you not like to be rich?" he asked, obeying an impulse for the first time for years.

"Rich!"

The color almost immediately mantled to her face, and her eyes grew bright and eager.

"Oh, yes; I would love to be rich. Life must be so beautiful to the rich!"

"They don't always think so," drily, a most unreasonable disappointment stirring him.

Unreasonable, because the getting rich had been the sole creed by which he guided his own life.

And then he was suddenly ashamed, for he saw that her eyes had softened with unshed tears, and he, sceptic as he was, felt certain that it was not for herself that she wished to be rich.

"It would be so good for—Maria," he said thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes—for Maria, and for others," with a wistful, far-off look in her eyes. "And for me, too—I should like to be rich."

And then she glanced at the work on the floor.

He understood that he must not keep her idle any longer.

He rose and shook hands.

"Thank you very much for coming," she said simply.

But her eyes said a great deal more, and he went away curiously satisfied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIRE-PROOF HOUSES.—They build fire-proof houses in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo without thinking of it, and while using all the wood they can afford to; and they use neither iron nor the arch.

Trees are scarce in the neighborhood, and timber has to be brought down from the upper waters in hard woods. Being dear, a little of it is made to go as far as possible.

The floors and the roofs are supported by joists of hard wood, as among us; across these are laid flat rails of the same, and the spaces between these are bridged over by thin bricks thirteen inches and a half long, with their ends resting on the rails; another layer of bricks is then laid with lime, and generally on this a layer of tiles.

The doors and windows have no boxes, but simply frames, which are set up when the walls are going up and built in.

There is no lathing or wainscot, or skirting of the bottom of the walls. A house thus built cannot be burned.

STREET-SELLERS.

In these days, when want of employment is with many a chronic disease, it is interesting to observe the manifold ways and means adopted by a certain class of men to enable them to earn a more or less honest living.

While one man sits and wails because he has not sufficient money to provide himself with the good things, or even the necessities of life, another, possessed of the true trading instinct, together with a profound knowledge of that feature of character termed "gullibility," sinks his whole capital, amounting perhaps to less than a dollar, in obtaining a stock-in-trade, and hies him, after the shades of evening fall, to the corner of a street in the city, or to the market-place of a country town, plants his establishment firmly on its support of three sticks, and proceeds, first, to attract a crowd, and then to attract into his own pockets some of the superfluous metal which reposes in those of his hearers.

Observe, first, this loquacious individual, respectfully attired, wearing a confidence-inspiring and glossy tall hat.

For the last twenty years he has been doctoring the public with "flagroot"—that is the root of the iris.

He stains the root to a brownish tint, gives it a delicate perfume by means of a few drops of bergamot, and offers it to the public as an Indian herb, with a name that takes away the breath of his audience, and which only long practice enables him to pronounce.

Grated and taken as snuff, it relieves headache; rubbed on the gums, toothache becomes a thing of the past; used internally, dyspepsia takes wings, and the patient's landlady gives him notice to quit after one week's experience of his renewed appetite.

The vendor of this root assumes the air of a philanthropist and public benefactor, and does a flourishing business.

There is a man hacking and chopping a small log of wood with a razor, and appealing to his audience to observe that there is no deception.

Then rubbing a small quantity of his incomparable paste upon a piece of leather, he strops the razor thereon, and to prove its efficacy in restoring the edge, severs with the blade hairs pulled from some boy's head for the purpose, or shaves the back of a man's hand.

He repeats the operation of spoiling the razor's edge and restoring it by a few passes over the strop as often as necessary, or borrows knives from persons in the audience and sharpens them in the same manner.

This paste sells in cakes, and it is composed of hog's-lard and fuller's-earth.

Articles of this class never vary in the materials from which they are made, no matter in what part of the country we find them offered for sale.

Here is a vendor of "grease and stain remover."

He has captured a small boy, whom he holds fast with one hand, while he operates upon his coat collar with the other, discoursing meanwhile upon the utility of the compound.

The vendor of cement, who mends pieces of crockery-ware with his composition of shellac and resin and then makes frantic efforts to break them again without success; the "corn-curing hero," with his salve of fused tallow and resin, and his bottle containing small pieces of turnip carefully cut and trimmed to present the appearance of extracted corns, supposed to have been preserved by those who have used the remedy, and presented to him as a slight testimonial and mark of gratitude—these and others dot the market-place and adjoining streets, pursuing their calling with commendable energy, and a sublime faith in the public, born of experience, and affording to the philosopher who gives to both vendor and his customers a more than passing thought, much food for reflection.

HUMILITY.—When everything darkens round us, there is a natural fitness in the attitude of humility and submissiveness which witnesses strongly against any daring and high-handed act.

To do and dare is appropriate to the zig-zag lightning of genius or inspiration; it is not appropriate to the sense of utter bewilderment, helplessness, and confusion.

"In your patience ye shall win your souls" is the lesson appropriate to such a state of mind, even though that lesson only initiates a great moral experiment of which we cannot foresee the issue; and "In your patience ye shall win your souls" which very strongly and naturally suggests that in our impatience we shall lose them.

Scientific and Useful.

A BRAKE ON THE TOBOGGAN.—A late invention is a toboggan brake. This device enables a toboggan to stop in the middle of the steepest incline instantly.

INK AND RUST.—Ink and rust stains, according to a pharmaceutical authority are removed easily by a solution containing equal parts of tartaric acid, alum and distilled water. The solution has the trade name of "enerivoir."

PAPER TOUGH AS WOOD.—Paper tough as wood is said now to be made by mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper. It can be used for making boxes, combs, for roofing, and even, it is added, for making boats.

DATE MARKER.—A new invention is a device for stamping times and dates by electricity. It consists of a stamper and a clock, which, by means of a battery, shifts the time of the stamp every minute. The apparatus has been tried in the telegraph department of the Post Office, and it is admirably adapted for registering the arrival of employes in works. The stamp can be hired out, complete, for a small annual rental. The card or paper to be printed is placed under the stamp-head.

LETTER BOXES.—The new letter-box, selected by the Government from among 140 designs submitted, has a slot that is not visible until a knob is pulled down. This opens the slot and raises a tray inside the box. The letter falls upon the tray, and on releasing the knob the tray drops and the letter is secure. While the slot is open the tray protects the letters previously dropped in the box. The new boxes will be substituted for those now in use as rapidly as the latter become damaged.

TO BORE HOLES IN GLASS.—The simplest and safest way to bore holes in glass is to use a copper or brass tube, quite thin, of the size of the hole. Bore a hole in a small block of wood about one quarter of an inch thick—hole to fit the tube loosely. Fasten the block to the glass with bee's-wax, so that the hole corresponds with the required hole in the glass. Insert the tube in the hole and pour emery—No. 60—and water into the tube with a spoon, and turn the tube back and forth with the fingers; or a little grooved pulley may be put on the tube to work with a string, in which case a centre should be placed at upper end to guide the tube. In this way a hole of any size, from one-eighth of an inch to an inch or more, may be cut through an ordinary window-glass in a few minutes.

Farm and Garden.

BULLS.—Bulls are very treacherous. It is usually the gentle bull that injures his keeper. The older they become the more dangerous they are.

GREASE.—Wagons and carts that are used daily should have the axles greased at least three times a week. It lessens the work of the horses.

DRY EARTH.—At this season the farmer should haul to the barn or some suitable place a large supply of dry earth to be used during the winter. It is excellent as an absorbent of liquid manures, and largely assists in disinfecting the stalls.

NUTS.—A Michigan man who has 200 hickory-nut trees and about 300 walnut and butternut trees, says that his income from them, year by year, is larger than that of any farmer cultivating 300 acres of land. He sells his crop on the trees for cash in hand, and the only expense out is for taxes.

TURKEYS.—Turkeys should be able to supply themselves with all the food they desire at this season, but it is best to give them a heavy ration at night, not only to keep them in a condition ready for market at any time, but also to induce them to come up regularly at sundown.

CALVES.—A calf born in fall or winter is worth two born in the spring for profit. A spring calf is so young that it gets little good from pasture the first season, for by the time it can fight flies successfully and crop grass enough to really aid in nourishing it, the winter is at hand, and it is placed on dry food.

RATIONS.—Mixed rations are more economical than the feeding of any particular article of food exclusively, as some foods assist in the digestion of others. There are growing rations, which are best for growing stock, and there are rations that promote fat more than others. The stockman should have an object in view, and feed in a manner to obtain it at the least cost.

THE MARKET.—Aim to supply the market with something that is not usually provided in sufficiency. It is not economical to grow the crops that demand the least labor. It is the labor that gives value to all crops, and the best profits are made on those crops that require constant attention and frequent cultivation. An acre of asparagus or celery will pay a larger profit than ten acres of corn; but less labor may be required on the corn.

A FEVER blister on the lip of an infant in Birmingham, Ala., unaccountably began bleeding, and though physicians were summoned, the flow of blood continued at intervals for several days until the child died.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

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False and Real.

There are few traits of character more contemptible than an affectation of modesty.

The poor sort of love—born partly of pity and partly of vanity—which is felt for modesty, turns to bitter hate as soon as it is discovered that the underrating and the retiring are counterfeits.

And yet there is nothing in this revelation beyond the recognition of a cheat. The cheat existed before—it was the very essence of the so called virtue; but the person cheated was supposed to be the man or woman who cherished an inadequate idea of self.

The only change in the position of affairs is that it is now seen that it is the other party that has been cozened, and the cheated has been really the cheater.

Instead of the "modest" person having had a too mean opinion of self, he or she has been quite aware of the fact as regards personal excellences, but tried to win regard by pretending to be ignorant of them.

It argues badly for human nature that we should all be so willing to deceive and be deceived, if only, by so doing, we can be gratified, and have our self-love agreeably stimulated.

Modesty is a pretty rather than a thoroughly respectable quality. It is like that "mincing gait" and "gentle, dove-like manner" which are wondrous feeble, but practically fascinating, especially to the weak minded.

In man it imparts amiability to the spirit of intercourse; in woman it produces a sort of coyness which men like, and women like, too, chiefly for the selfish reasons we have already indicated.

A "modest man," if he be not effeminate, is admired and preferred as an associate to the loud and bold talker and the self assertive man, albeit the latter may be the more accurate in his judgment and strong minded in his policy and demeanor.

A truly modest woman is womanly, than which no higher compliment can possibly be paid her.

We concede all this; and everybody must, of course, concede it in view of the sense in which the term is used, and particularly when we think of what its opposite, immodesty, is held to imply in the sexes respectively.

Modesty, properly defined and estimated, is to be valued only when it means self-restraint and self respecting reserve—in short, when it is an outcome of judgment, instead of the mere fruit of innocence, which is another word for ignorance.

True wisdom prompts the possessor of excellent qualities—who knows and values his possession—to exercise self-restraint with regard to the parade of personal advantages in society.

It is felt that good taste may be easily offended, because good taste is a matter of common sense, and the intelligent being gifted with excellence of brain or body will feel that other folk may be equally gifted, that nothing but conflict would result from a counter-demonstration, and that, as regards those who are not equally gifted, it would be humiliating and unkind to expose their defects by contrast.

These considerations lie at the root of the feeling or sentiment of true modesty in a well balanced mind, and so it comes to pass that, after all, the great principle, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," underlies this as it does every other virtue.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," is the law and the prophets, and the man or woman who does this must needs be modest.

Nobody likes to be charged with insincerity; yet who is entirely sincere? It is one of the conventionalisms of society that its members shall seem to believe statements and professions which they know or suspect to be false; it is another that they shall pretend not to see and hear a thousand things of which only the blind and deaf could be really unconscious. This general dissimulation comes from a tacit understanding whereby the world consents, for the sake of peace and quietness, to recognize false pretences as part and parcel of the amenities of social life.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words, or by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart.

Many boys and girls with rare natural gifts and opportunities for development fail to realize the necessity for fundamental work. They neglect study and give way to temptation and evil inclinations until the period of life comes when they must stand forth to take their place and perform their part in the political, social and religious activities. Suddenly they become conscious of their own weakness and inability, and vitality is wasted in mourning over losses in early life which cannot be recovered.

It is in youth that the spirit of truthfulness may best be cultivated. Few realize how strong are the impressions made upon the heart of childhood by the examples which are given to it. Let no one imagine that to teach a child not to tell a lie is sufficient to make him really truthful. He must be imbued with the love of positive truth, and that can be infused only by those who are themselves inspired in it.

All old people should be as cushions of soft-heartedness where the young may repose and be at rest—as by the very nature of things confessors and counselors to whom the young may tell all, and be comforted and guided. This position can only be attained by true sympathy—sympathy with the very faults, the very follies of the age which knows so little and feels so much!

The bread of bitterness is the food on which men grow to their fullest stature; the waters of bitterness are a debatable ford through which they reach the shores of wisdom; the sabes boldly grasped and eaten without faltering are the price which must be paid for the golden fruit of knowledge.

Cherish your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm emotions of filial, parental, fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. Love everything and everybody that is lovely. You cannot make the cords of love too strong.

Nothing can be more opposed to real charity than the spirit of envy. Genuine love can view not only with complacency, but also delight, the advancement, progress and good of others, while remaining content with such things as it hath, although "such things" may be far inferior. The generous nature of true charity knows no emulation or jealousy, but is as ever ready, in its native nobility, to rejoice at and with the happiness and advantages of bright Hope's favorites, as to weep for very tenderness o'er the proteges of Grief and Distress.

It is not by any means the poorest among us, the most unfortunate, or those who bear the heaviest burdens, who are the most discontented. Often it is, on the other hand, such as are well supplied with comforts, and whose lots are cast in the pleasantest places, who thus torment themselves and others with continual moanings over slight annoyances and fancied tribulations; while some who have many and real afflictions bear them with a brave and noble spirit and meet their fellow-men with a generous cheerfulness.

The bravest and most clear-headed are also the most patient; they know how to "bide their time"—simply another form of expression for patience. Where two men,—generals, diplomatists, or lawyers—are equals in everything but patience, the one who has the most of that sovereign quality will triumph; and the same is true of governments and nations. "Let patience have her perfect work."

One of the best lessons to be learnt is the absolute necessity of preventing work from degenerating into worry. It is worry that kills for the most part, not work. To learn to put forth our best powers steadily, continuously, in the proper grooves, to the proper ends—this is one of the most precious fruits of wisdom and experience.

Blessings are like birds which hop about us with their wings folded, and we do not see the beauty of their plumage; but when they spread their pinions for flight, then we see all the brilliancy of their color and the gracefulness of their form.

The wise man has his follies, no less than the fool; but it has been said that herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise man are known to himself, but are hidden from the world.

Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should not be used till they are seasoned.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the bitter thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.

There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than 3,000 volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.

It is an easy thing to accept as true or best what we wish to be so, without sifting the evidence; but to judge wisely takes both labor and time.

If there were no enemy there could be no conflict; were there no trouble there could be no faith; were there no fear there could be no hope.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproach of its enemies than the worldliness and hard-heartedness of the professors of it.

Inclination never wants an excuse; and if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found.

He who puts a bad construction on a good act, reveals his own wickedness of heart.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

The World's Happenings.

Queen Olga, of Greece, can supervise the cooking of a dinner or trim a bonnet with equal skill.

At Masonville, this State, a woman has just died from lockjaw, the result of the prick of a needle.

The "fattest boy" is West Virginia lives in Wetzel county. His age is 9 years and his weight 215 pounds.

A stone at Woodville, N. H., is said to mark the boundary of two States, three counties and four towns.

A Michigan horse knows enough to cross over to the shady side of the street when left in the sun by his driver.

If they tell the truth down in North Carolina, "Granny" Boston, who died at Murphy recently, was 121 years old.

Work baskets on which is mounted "a real stuffed kitten," with ribbon about its neck, is a novelty for sale in Paris this season.

A gang of burglars arraigned in a New Hampshire police court in the early part of the week ranged in age from 12 to 14 years.

Mrs. May Roberts, who died at the age of 90 the other day at Sharon, Pa., was never inside a postoffice and never rode on a railroad train.

The latest use of photography is to make a cannon-ball take a picture of its own wobblings. The camera is in the forward end of the projectile.

A poor teamster in Boston, who found $130 in cash, not only promptly sought out the owner, a manufacturing firm, but refused to accept a reward.

A writer in the "Railway Age" confidently predicts that the time between New York and Chicago, now 24 hours, will some day be reduced to 10 hours.

At Lexington, Ky., a law suit that was begun in 1811 has just been settled. It related to a land claim, and the sum in dispute was originally about $5,000.

The statisticians are endeavoring to figure out the census of the country when the figures shall have been made up next year. The estimates vary from 62,000,000 to 67,250,000.

Charles Caswell, of Syracuse, N. Y., after remaining with an injured friend until the latter died, returned home at 3 A. M., and found his wife dead in bed from heart disease.

In analyzing congregational generosity Rev. James Brownlee finds that among the Baptists 36 cents is the annual contribution per head; the Methodists, 74 cents; Episcopal, $1.37; Presbyterian, $3 17, and the Dutch, $4.21.

The Daviad: David Terry killed David Broderick in a duel, David Colton and David Brewer being present. David Nagle, protecting Justice Field (son of David Field and brother of David Field), killed David Terry.

In Hartford the latest device used by wheelmen to clear their paths of dogs and thus prevent collisions is to carry a package of torpedoes and explode one or more whenever a dog ahead seems likely to prove an obstruction.

Clarence Gates, a Fresno, Cal., youngster, while running after a little pig, was attacked by an old sow and lacerated in a terrible manner. Twenty stitches were required to close his wounds, and it was feared he would not recover.

Bees stung a pair of horses to death at Ballston Spa, N. Y. In attempting to rescue the horses, Harry Howlett, their driver, was stung into insensibility, and several men who came to his assistance were also attacked by the bees.

Thomas Hull, Jr., of Vinegar Hill, Ill., aged 15 years, has existed since April, 1888, on liquids conveyed to the gullet by means of a quill, his tongue and throat having been completely paralyzed by an attack of spinal meningitis.

Not long ago as Perry Thrall was dying at Macon, Mo., he confessed that in 1858 a colored man named Daley had been hanged for the murder of William Vandeventner and wife, near Florida, Mo., a crime which Thrall had himself committed.

An onion eating match in New York the other night was won by Louis Ledger, who ate seven of the vegetables in an hour. His opponent, John Cofee, devoured six in the same time. Every onion was at least two inches in diameter, and was seasoned with vinegar and salt.

There are special factories in Paris for making children's watches, which employ hundreds of hands. Thirty million are annually produced; in other words, Paris provides every year a toy-watch for every child between 5 and 10 in France, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, Italy and Austria.

A deaf and dumb couple in Georgia, to whose marriage there had been much objection raised by relatives, slipped off quietly to a neighboring town, and were made one by a justice of the peace, who submitted in writing the necessary questions, which were affirmatively answered by an inclination of the head.

Washington, D. C., has a policeman of an original turn of mind. Being detailed to watch a dwelling from which the milk can had been stolen early every morning for more than a week, he hid in the limb of a large tree in front of the house, and when the thief appeared lowered himself quietly and took the rascal into custody.

A story comes from White House, N. J., to the effect that one Weil, living there, while feeding a sick cow, last November, lost a valuable gold ring. He thought the animal swallowed it. The cow was slaughtered recently and the ring found, none the worse for being in the quadruped's possession for over eight months.

St. Paul is one broad grin over the discovery by a local paper that the Minneapolis Directory is padded with the names of dogs. A reporter found the following on page 225 of the Minneapolis Directory just issued: "Carl Baxter, colored, watchman, Crescent Club." Carl turns out to be a mongrel dog. The St. Paul people declare it would have been bad enough had the Minneapolis people introduced the names of thoroughbred dogs into their Directory.

HER LOGIC.

I did not love him; long ago
Instead of "Yes" I gave him "No."
I did not love him. But to-day
I read about his marriage—pray,
Why was I sad? when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret
Over that whispered "No," and why,
Reading the notice, should I sigh?

His early love for me is dead;
Another lives in that love's stead;
And if he loves her well as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then,
He must be glad that long ago
Instead of "Yes" I gave him "No."

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

The Oretown Bank.

BY G. CASSELL.

THE Bank had been robbed! Such was the discovery made by Mr. Ebenezer Grubb, late one Saturday night, and the information was obtained in this wise: Frank Jackson, a junior clerk, who lodged on the opposite side of the street, a little distance down, was sitting that evening at his window.

He lingered over a quiet pipe, listlessly watching the passers-by, and dusk crept on unnoticed by him. He was about to draw the blinds and light the gas, when two men passed on the other side, one of them pausing and looking up towards his window, while the other went on to the Bank and knocked at the private door. The young man's curiosity was aroused upon seeing the one who remained enter a doorway, as if for concealment; so, standing behind the lace curtains, he watched them.

The dull, gray front of the Bank was lit by a street-lamp, and as the man who knocked turned round while waiting, Jackson recognized Mark Seeley, the senior cashier.

After a little delay the door was opened by the resident porter, and he and Seeley entered the building.

In a minute or two they came out again, and the porter went towards a cross-street, while the cashier stood at the door, apparently awaiting his return.

However, no sooner had the man turned a corner than Seeley again went in, and his companion hurried towards the Bank. As the lamplight fell upon him, Frank recognized another of the clerks, an intimate of Seeley's, named Williams.

They reappeared in two or three minutes, and Williams, carrying in each hand a small Gladstone bag, hastened down a by street, and was out of sight before the porter returned. Then, after a minute the cashier took the same direction.

Jackson was puzzled to explain these movements, especially as Williams had a couple of days' leave, and was supposed to be far from Oretown.

Seeley was a high and well-paid officer, possessing the entire confidence of his employers. Frank sometimes thought that confidence misplaced.

At all events, he had reason to believe that both men speculated in stocks; a practice which the partners strictly forbade to their staff.

It was only a few days before, that one of the clerks, glancing through an evening paper, cried:

"Hallo! 'El Dorados' are gone down to nothing; the affair is a complete smash! By Jove, I know a fellow who had some of them."

Jackson noticed Seeley turn white; the hand that held the pen shook, and he turned round to speak in a whisper to Williams, who listened with a dazed look on his face.

Frank felt uneasy. He knew nothing certain, and it was an unpleasant task to mention his suspicions to his employers; however, he determined to do so, and at once set off to seek Mr. Ebenezer Grubb.

Hardly knowing what result to hope for; dreading Mr. Grubb's annoyance on the one hand, if his suspicions were wrong, and fearing robbery on the other, Frank accompanied the principal partner to the Bank.

Mr. Ebenezer walked straight to the strong room, and opened it with his private keys, and then throwing open the chest in which the cash was kept, proceeded to examine its contents.

A gas-jet just above them threw a bright light into the recesses of the safe, and showed the banker some parcels of bonds, a small pile of silver and copper, and nothing more.

The chief clerk, an old man, who, as well as the porter, lived on the premises, was by this time on the spot, and held open a cash-book.

"There should be there," he said, in an agitated voice, in reply to Mr. Grubb's question, "thirty-one thousand six hundred and seventeen pounds, eight shillings and ninepence."

There was no sign of force having been used; and the chief clerk produced his key, which he averred had not left his hands since the safe was locked that afternoon, when the money was certainly in the chest. Mr. Seeley often borrowed it during business hours. With that exception, he never lost sight of it.

The porter returned to say that Mr. Seeley was not expected home until Monday morning; and the man explained that the cashier called that evening for something he forgot in his desk, and sent him on an errand which occupied perhaps ten minutes.

There hardly remained a doubt that the two clerks were the culprits; and Mr. Grubb at once placed the matter in the hands of the police.

Frank Jackson lay long awake that night, wondering whether the events of the past few hours would bring him promotion; and if so, what effect it would have on a certain cherished scheme of his.

Six or eight months before, he had met at a picnic, Mary Grubb, the junior partner's daughter, a fair, winsome little thing, with dimpled cheeks, and eyes soft as those of a fawn.

She had just returned from school; and before Frank knew who she was, he admired her. Upon learning that she was Mr. Ebenezer's only child, he was keenly disappointed, for the daughter of the wealthy banker, was, he feared, beyond his reach.

In spite of this, his attentions were not diminished; and, before the day was at an end, he adored her.

She received his little services with marked favor, he thought; and even sober reflection could not prevent him from entertaining hopes which any one but a lover would have considered wild.

Mary often drove down for her father, and it generally fell to Frank's lot to take a message out, asking her to wait, or to call again, which furnished opportunities for a pressure of the hand and a few pleasant words.

He was not endowed with an undue amount of vanity; but he could not help seeing that on these occasions her eye brightened, and a vivid blush sprang to her cheek; and he could not help thinking that, if his happiness depended on her, it would not be long deferred.

But the social gulf between them kept his lips sealed. The events of the evening would probably bring him promotion, and he wondered if they would bring him nearer to Mary.

His thoughts flew from her to the robbery, and back again, until sleep deserted him, and his brain grew dizzy.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind; and, in the midst of the dark room, on the walls, on the ceiling, there appeared before him, as in letters of fire, a remark of Seeley's, uttered months before.

Some of the clerks were discussing the arrest of a dishonest bank-clerk, and Seeley said, laughingly: "If fellows will do that kind of thing, they ought at least to show some common sense in their method of escape. If he had gone to some quiet seaport, hired or bought a yacht, and sailed quietly off, he would now be enjoying himself in safety."

The tone, the cynical laugh rang in Frank's ears, and it occurred to him that Seeley would probably accept some such course.

Twenty miles away, on a branch line, stood Northport, a yachting centre; and Williams might easily, on the previous day, arranged for their flight.

Early on Sunday morning he called on Mr. Grubb to inform him of this idea, which, by being dwelt upon, had become a conviction.

As Frank entered the banker's study Mary left it, her face pale and her eyes red, and Mr. Ebenezer himself sat listlessly in an easy-chair looking haggard.

"Above all," said the latter, when Jackson had finished what he went there to say, "silence about this wretched affair is necessary for the present. I do not mind telling you that it has occurred at a rather unfortunate moment, as we shall be obliged to get accommodation, and to pay a heavy price for it; and if the story of the robbery leaks out prematurely, we may be ruined."

The young man was flattered by the confidence, and, as he looked at the weary face and heavy eyes, eloquent of anxiety and sleeplessness, and remembered Mary's troubled features, a feeling of wrath against those who caused all this grief possessed him.

After a short silence, Mr. Grubb said:

"Perhaps you would not mind running over to Northport yourself and making enquiries. I have faith in your shrewdness, and shall give you a letter to an old friend of ours, a magistrate there, who will aid you if necessary. Here is some money, and remember, my lad, that time is of vital importance."

The trust made Frank color with pride.

His first hope was that fortune might make him instrumental in saving his employers from disaster; but he may be pardoned if there also entered into his mind a wish to earn a smile from Mary, as well as her father's gratitude.

A few inquiries among the Northport police and the loungers on the beach, satisfied him that his surmises were correct.

Some days before two gentlemen, whose description tallied with that of the runaways, bought a small schooner-yacht from a local builder.

The crew were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, stores were shipped, and the new owners arrived by the last train on the previous night.

They met the seller on board, paid the purchase money, and at once sailed—for a month's cruise, they said.

"I have an urgent message for them," said Frank, to an old salt. "Would it be possible to get a fast steamer here and overtake them?"

"Well, sir, if 'ee could borry that thur craft," pointing to a small, rakish-looking steamer, whose brass fittings gleamed in the morning sun, "yes. They must 'a' gone south; and her'll go nigh on to twenty knots an hour."

Frank looked longingly at the vessel; and upon hearing the name of the owner, his heart bounded. It was the person to whom Mr. Grubb's letter was addressed.

"I fear yours is a wild-goose chase," said that gentleman, when the young clerk had told his story, and explained his wishes. "However, the Grubbs are dear old friends, and the 'Lorna' is at your service. Come with me, and I shall give directions to the master."

In little more than an hour the "Lorna" was steaming swiftly out of the harbor, and Frank, standing on the bridge beside the captain, felt almost intoxicated as the vessel's head rose and fell, and a fresh breeze blew across the sunlit sea, fanning his hot brow.

"There was a light nor'-west wind all night," remarked the captain; "and if we say they're eighty or ninety miles ahead we shan't be far out. I don't suppose we'll overtake her before dark," the captain went on, "so we'd better take it easy, lest we might pass 'em in the night."

They left their course several times, in order to make inquiries of passing vessels.

Some had not seen "a thirty-ton yacht, schooner-rigged, green below the waterline, and with a broad gold stripe."

Others thought they had, and gave such contradictory information that it was of no benefit.

As the sun went down, dark clouds arose to windward, and it became wet and stormy.

All through the night the wind moaned, the waves swirled and hissed about the "Lorna's" bow, and fell in masses on her deck, and the rain fell heavily at intervals.

"Five pounds a man," Frank had said, "if we overtake her!"

He had promised the captain and the policeman whom he had brought with him, liberal gratuities if the chase ended successfully; he himself was too agitated to think of repose.

Accordingly, throughout the night all were on the alert, peering into the darkness as the vessel slowly pursued a zigzag course.

"A wild-goose chase, indeed, I fear," Jackson said, mournfully, as morning broke, finding him cold, hungry, and exhausted.

"Never fear, sir," replied the skipper. "'Twill be hard if we don't meet 'em before they get out of St. George's Channel."

The warm, autumn sun again poured down upon the sea, the wind fell to a fresh breeze, and save in the lofty-crested billows that surrounded them, there remained no trace of last night's storm.

At length they got positive news. A yacht's captain met the object of their pursuit an hour before, steering due south. He could not be mistaken, he knew the "Eulalie" very well, and his crew recognized her, too.

The "Lorna" was put at full speed, and bounded forward, throbbing and panting—not climbing the waves, but cleaving them; and over either side of the bow a constant stream of water poured inward and rushed along the deck.

"There she is!" exclaimed the captain, who for some minutes had been silently scanning the horizon, and he handed the glass to Frank.

It was some time before the young man could discern anything; then he saw the dark hull, the slender spars, and the white sails like gossamer against the sky.

Soon, figures were seen on board the "Eulalie," then the sails were slightly altered, and as the little craft heeled over, the foam flew in crowds from her bow.

Pursuit was evidently suspected, for two men at the stern did not take their eyes from the steamer, which was rapidly overhauling them, and darkening the sea with a dense cloud of smoke.

At length the two vessels were abreast, the "Lorna" about fifty yards to leeward of the other.

There was no one on the "Eulalie's" deck, except three or four sailors in blue guernseys and red caps.

"Tell your gents," roared the master of the steamer, "that there's some one here wants 'em."

One of the men thrust his head down the cabin stairs, and in a few moments replied, with a grin: "He is to come on board, if he likes to."

There was a heavy sea running, and the "Eulalie" was going at perhaps ten miles an hour, so that boarding, if not impossible, was at least dangerous.

The policeman, who was in plain clothes, and whose identity no one on board the "Lorna" suspected, came forward, and said:

"Now, my lads, I am a police officer, and have a warrant for the arrest of two men for a bank robbery. You are all known, and, if you aid them to escape, will get into trouble."

The jaw of the jocular yachtsman dropped, and he went forward to his fellows.

After a short consultation they sprang to the halyards, and the mainsail coming down with a rush and a clatter, the vessel righted, and her speed at once diminished.

At the same moment Frank saw at a porthole Seeley's face, white and terror-stricken.

The "Lorna" was brought nearer, a boat was lowered, and Frank, the officer, and the master went on board the "Eulalie."

As they stepped on the deck a pistol-shot was heard, and they rushed towards the cabin.

Frank was the first to go down, and he saw the two fugitives. Williams lay on a cushion at one side of the compartment, his face coved with blood.

Opposite him sat Mark Seeley, an expression of abject terror on his pale face, one hand hanging loosely, and holding a revolver, which dropped from his nerveless fingers as Jackson came down.

He uttered a hoarse cry, and made a feeble effort to seize the weapon; but Frank grasped his arm, and he fell back on the couch, fainting.

The young man turned towards Williams, who amid his agony was looking contemptuously at his accomplice.

"We thought of sinking the vessel," he said, in a weak voice, "but found it too slow. Then we agreed to shoot ourselves. I led off, but that cur backed out, though it was all his doing. He took the impression of the other key, and——"

His eyes became glazed, he fell back, and in a few moments was dead.

After a search Frank found, in a locker, the two Gladstone bags, which, to within a thousand pounds—the purchase and fitting-out of the yacht probably—contained the whole of the stolen property.

"She's leaking!" exclaimed the skipper of the "Lorna."

A small stream ran from under a closed door, and trickled across the floor. It rapidly grew larger, and suddenly the door was burst open and a volume of water poured into the little cabin, rising to the height of the couches.

The master of the steamer sprang up the stairs, Frank followed with the precious bags, and the officer, grasping Seeley's arm, said:

"Now, sir, if you please," and pushed him towards the deck.

As the policeman drew a pair of handcuffs from his pouch, the ex-cashier looked wildly around, and, with his hands pressed to his brow, ejaculated:

"Oh, my God! am I going back to Oretown for people to stare at?"

Then he looked over the side, and the officer, fearing an attempt at suicide, hastily seized his arm.

"She's sinking! she's sinking!" came from some of the sailors; and the bow of the "Eulalie" was suddenly raised out of the water.

There was a moment of confusion, during which Mark Seeley bounded towards the cabin, and, before he could be stopped, had closed and bolted the door.

The burly officer threw himself against it and made it quiver; but was unable to open it.

Meanwhile the bow rose slowly, higher and higher, and for their own safety, those on board the "Eulalie" were obliged to leave the doomed craft.

They had reached the "Lorna" when the end came. The yacht rolled from side to side, and gradually sank lower; then the deck blew up with a loud crash; a mass of foam and spray hid the "Eulalie" for a moment, and when it had cleared away she was gone.

* * * * * *

The steamer was headed for the nearest seaport, and, as Frank drove towards the railway station, he saw in the window of a newspaper office a poster, in front of which a crowd was gathered.

One or two of the words attracted his attention, and, stopping the cab, he alighted, and read in huge letters:

"Run on an Oretown Bank.—Alleged Extensive Robbery by Cashiers.—Flight of the supposed Delinquents."

When Frank, accompanied by the policeman, dashed up in a cab to the Bank doors, he saw groups of idlers loitering on the opposite side of the way, and two streams of people, one entering, and one leaving the building.

He went in by the private door, and on getting inside the counter, found the space allotted to the public filled to its utmost extent.

The partners sat in a private office, at one end of the large room, from which they could see what passed outside. Both looked weary and anxious.

Mr. Ebenezer sprang to his feet upon seeing the young clerk, and said, quickly:

"Well?"

"It is all right, sir," Jackson replied. "Here it is."

"Thank Heaven!" said the younger man, a tear springing to his eye; and, turning to his brother, he shook his hand.

"We are saved!" he said. "This will keep us going until to-morrow. Go out," he continued, addressing Frank, "and distribute the money. Do it without any fuss—just as you would had it come from next door."

Frank emptied the bags on a large table in view of all present, showing glittering streams of bright gold, and large bundles of crisp notes, neatly folded and securely tied.

"Half an hour more," whispered one of the clerks, "and we should have been cleared out."

The sight of so much money reassured the timid; the crowd, composed almost altogether of small depositors, gradually melted away; and when at length, after vainly waiting for further claims, Mr. Grubb ordered the doors to be closed, there were still several thousands of pounds in the Bank coffers. The crisis was past.

The branches had met all demands; and when the Bank doors were opened next morning, several heavy cases bearing the seal of the Bank of England, were being unpacked, and Grubb's Bank was saved.

It was some hours after Frank's return that Mr. Ebenezer first referred to the cause of his absence.

"Run home and dress, Jackson, my boy," he said. "I shall wait for you, and take you home to dinner. We want to hear your story."

* * * * * *

Frank obtained immediate promotion; but his reward did not end there. He had won Mary's affection before his adventure, and that event secured her father's consent to their union.

He is now virtually at the head of the Bank, Mr. Ebenezer, the only surviving partner, having unbounded faith in the sagacity of his son-in-law.

Penitent Pen.

BY D. S. Y.

"HOW glad I am I came here!" ejaculated Pernelle Maudet, as she stood before her looking-glass, loosening her hair for the night, and stopping occasionally to execute an ecstatic dance. "How kind it was of my aunt and cousins to invite me to their lovely home, and what a happy day this first one has been! If every day is like it, what a jolly month I shall have. Oh, you lucky Pen!" and she nodded at herself in the mirror. "You used to think you had no one to care about you but your dear old dad, and that you should never see anything prettier than the musty-fusty top floor near the Museum, where you keep house for him as well as you know how; yet here you are, invited to spend a whole month within sound of the sea, and sight of such woods and fields and gardens, that you are almost bewildered with delight. If only dad were here as well, it would be too, too awfully jolly!"

Then Pen shook out her rippling tresses, tempted to try whether she could pile them on the top of her head in imitation of Isabella, the eldest and handsomest of her cousins, and was making grimaces at her reflection and the odd appearance it presented, when there was a sharp, imperative tap at the door.

It was immediately followed by the entrance of her three cousins, and Pen gave them a smiling welcome, thinking it was a good-natured desire to ascertain whether she had all she wanted that brought them here; but when two of them seated themselves opposite her, and the other leaned against the wall with folded arms, regarding her with strange solemnity, she began to look from one to another, wondering what this meant.

Suddenly a thought struck her.

"Family prayers! Are you going to hold them here? Shall I find my hymn-book?"

"Don't be irreverent, Pen!" cried Miss Maria Mander, sharply. "If you intend to make a jest of our affectionate anxiety for your welfare, we had better retire as we came."

"Oh, no! Don't go! I'm sure I'm delighted to have you here; but why are you uneasy about me? I am very well—never felt better—not even tired with my journey, though it's the longest I ever had."

"Literally—too literally, alas!—she is in the rudest health and spirits!" sighed Aveline, the damsel who cultivated the æsthetic. "Poor soul! how much she loses by it!"

"Of sickness and expense, do you mean?" queried Pen, doubtfully. "Oh, yes! it is a great comfort that I have never cost my father a penny for doctors' bills, although we live in smutty London."

"Will you please to be serious, Pernelle?" asked Isabella. "I should think—I should hope—you do not wish to make us regret the invitation we have given you."

"Regret it!" and Pen drew herself up a little. "No, indeed! Why should you? I was as pleased to come as you said you should be to have me. Do you already find me troublesome?"

"In one sense, certainly. Your father always spoke of you as a child, so we did not expect to find you so overgrown; so—shall I be frank?—so big and awkward!"

This was not very flattering, but Pen bowed good-humoredly.

"After all I am not as tall as you, cousin Isabella, nor as stout as Maria; but you are not going to find fault with me for what I can't help, are you?"

And Pen laughed a little saucily, for she knew that nature had not used her as unkindly as her critics intimated.

"Oh, no, of course! It is not your fault that you are plain; but surely you could have helped shocking us so very much this evening!—shocking and grieving us to such a degree that mamma has quite a dreadful headache, and we could not go to our rest till we had remonstrated with you."

"What have I done or said?" demanded Pen, aghast at such a sweeping charge. "I can't remember making any mistakes at dinner. Indeed, I came away from table hungry, for fear you should be horrified at my appetite; and it was such a pleasant evening, and we all seemed so cordial together, that I can't understand why you are vexed with me."

Aveline groaned, and addressed herself to the ceiling.

"She has been reared amongst the common people. She has no sympathies, no delicacy of feeling, no innate consciousness of her mental deficiencies."

"And don't wish to have," cried Pen, now beginning to feel affronted. "My dear old dad has been my principal teacher, and as long as he is satisfied with my progress I shall be content. I am not clever," she added, humbly. "I daresay I do not know half as many languages as you have learnt, but——"

"We are not alluding to the faults of your education," interposed Maria. "We were prepared to make every allowance for you as a motherless girl whose father is a bookworm; but when you throw off all the modest reticence you ought to observe, we feel it our duty to warn you that mamma is quite unhappy about it."

Pen grew first pale then red.

"You frighten me!" she faltered. "What have I done?"

"Giggled, chattered, and ogled the gentleman, Sir Mark Everson, who dined with us. Usurped the conversation entirely; sang almost unasked; laughed so loudly that Aveline's nerves were almost unstrung, and we all sat mute with shame to see a relative of ours so hoydenish."

"If I did these things I did indeed make myself conspicuous. But no, it is impossible that you can be serious; or else you are exaggerating, cousin Isabella. I laughed and talked to Sir Mark, but it was because he seemed pleased to hear what I thought of this beautiful place of yours, and asked questions about papa and his studies; and I sang those old songs because he pressed me, and I thought I ought to be obliging to your guest. I'm sure you all did whatever he asked you."

"Sir Mark is our friend, at least he was," added Isabella, mournfully. "He is staying with his sister, lively, clever Mrs. Carnegie, at the Priory, and we congratulated ourselves on having become intimate with a man so well worth knowing; but he will not come here again."

"And we may thank you for it," added Maria, in tones so tart that Pen shivered as she demanded why?

Isabella smiled a bitter smile.

"After your terrible exposure of family matters need you ask that question? Sir Mark Everson prides himself on his blue blood, and will never—never stoop to connect himself with us now you have taken such pains to make him aware that our grandfather was a coal merchant, and you, when at home, live on a third floor."

"But if it is true, and you know we are poor, and are not descended——"

"Pray say no more," interposed Isabella, rising and marching to the door. "You have no tact, no discretion. We wished Sir Mark to think well of you; but after your behavior to-night that is impossible."

Pen gulped down a sob.

"If I talked too much, and was—was unladylike, why did he seem pleased to listen to me, and stay by my side and turn over my music?"

"Oh, foolish child! As the only gentleman present was he not obliged to pay you those little attentions? You exacted them from him, and we could see, though your vanity blinded you, that he was laughing at you in his sleeve."

Pen clenched her hands and bit her lip.

"Must I believe this?"

"You must indeed," said Isabella, rising. "And as mamma never tolerates anything fast or loud, you must keep watch over yourself till you have acquired a tone of good-breeding!"

And now Maria took up the lecture.

"We are very pleased to have you here, and we will assist you to improve yourself, but on condition that there is no repetition of last night's behavior."

"Dream of that higher life to which you should be aspiring, and we will help you to climb towards it," was Aveline's parting exhortation.

But she felt a little sorry too when, on looking back as she closed the door, she saw that Pen had flung herself on her knees beside her bed, and her shoulders were shaking with sobs.

Pen's eyes were heavy and her head drooping when she slid into her place at the breakfast-table.

No one could now accuse her of talking or laughing too gaily. She had no appetite, and her eyes filled with tears whenever she was addressed.

Her cousins decided that she was sulky; her aunt, who was a nonentity, and knew nothing of that midnight visit to the guest-chamber, expressed an opinion that she must be tired, and had better take a book into the garden and keep herself quiet.

"If you feel dull or hungry you can come to me in the store-room. When Isabella or Maria has time, I daresay one or the other will walk or drive with you."

"Do not make any promises for us, mamma," cried Isabella austerely. "To-day, as you know, we visit our district; to-morrow we take classes at the village school; and the day after we attend at the art school. We cannot lay aside our regular avocations to amuse Pen, who will really be much better at home with you."

"Certainly, certainly!" acquiesced Mrs. Mander, who never contradicted her daughters, "much better."

"Pen may come to my room," said Aveline, "and read Tennyson aloud to me while I embroider."

But Pen had already vanished into the garden, where she found her way to a seat beside a pond under a weeping willow.

This, however, was too near the house; she might be seen and recalled, so, finding a gate open that led into some meadows, she wandered down to a little river, and strolled pensively along one of its banks.

The sunshine of the previous day that had tinted everything with such brilliant colors, and invested the scenery with greater beauty than it possessed, had now given way to clouds that deepened and darkened with every passing minute.

A lady who was hurrying along the opposite bank kept casting anxious glances above her, but Pen never looked up. She was struggling with a fit of home-sickness.

Oh! to be once more with the dear old father who rarely chided, or, when he thought it absolutely necessary to reprove his little daughter, spoke so tenderly that she would have died rather than vex him again.

But presently there was a flash of lightning so vivid that it startled the dreamer out of her reverie.

A storm was impending, and she must retrace her steps, and think herself fortunate if she succeeded in reaching shelter without a drenching.

Pen recognised the necessity with reluctance. She could not bear to meet the coldly critical glances of her cousins; her heart throbbed with shame and indignation every time she recalled their cruel speeches; and to be shut up in the house with them for the whole of the day would be a severe ordeal.

But in turning to walk back to Mrs. Mander's villa she caught sight of the lady on the opposite bank, tottering along unsteadily, as if that first warning of the tempest had frightened her terribly.

Another flash of the electric fluid, another crash of thunder; so heavy that even the stronger-nerved Pen quailed beneath it and veiled her eyes—and when she looked again the object of her interest lay on the ground as motionless as if she were dead.

Eager to hasten to her assistance, Pen looked up and down the river for a bridge.

There was not one in sight, but a long spell of dry weather had so reduced the volume of water in the little stream, that she did not hesitate to boldly enter it and wade across.

The lady was nearly insensible when Pen knelt down beside her, but quickly revived at the sound of a human voice.

"I am ashamed, thoroughly ashamed of my cowardice," she faltered, as with chattering teeth, cold hands, and trembling limbs, she leant on her new friend. "It is very foolish I know, but to be alone and exposed to such a storm appalled me! Whoever you are, pray do not leave me till it is over!"

"Can we not take shelter somewhere?" queried Pen, who was afraid she would faint again. "Are there no houses near?"

"My own is not a couple of hundred yards away; with your help I might be able to reach it."

That help was readily given. Pen was strong, and passing an arm around the very slight form of her companion, she led her on.

Frequently they had to pause and cling together, for the wind rose to a gale and buffeted them fiercely, while from the clouds large drops began to fall.

Still Pen cheered and sustained the trembling creature, who but for her assistance must have fallen; but it was an immense relief when they came in sight of a gentleman, who, with a couple of servants loaded with wraps and umbrellas, was hurrying towards them.

"My poor Clara!" he exclaimed, taking her into his arms, "I only just learned that you were out. Thank Heaven you were not, as I feared, alone!"

As soon as he spoke Pen recognized the accents of Sir Mark Everson, and would have retreated, but the men-servants, seeing that their mistress was safe, had already come on either side of the young stranger to shield her from a rush of blinding, stinging hailstones, and they impelled her onward against her will.

Dizzy, confused, her boots full of water, her wet skirts impeding her movements, Pen could offer no resistance when a couple of civil maids came forward to lead her across the hall of Mrs. Carnegie's house, and upstairs to a charming room.

There they busied themselves about her, removing her damp garments, drying and brushing her hair; and while she sat by a fire, hastily lighted, and sipped the hot tea brought to her by Mrs. Carnegie's orders, they fetched from that lady's wardrobe dry hose and pretty velvet slippers, and finally arrayed her in a pale blue tea-gown so soft and warm, and so delicately pretty, that Pen blushed with pleased surprise as she saw herself in the long glass between the windows.

When Mrs. Carnegie, still pale but smiling, for the storm had passed away, came to sit with her guest, she found her sleeping; a tear on her flushed cheek, a sorrowful curve on her rosy lip, for Pen had not slept much in the night, and was now repeating in her dreams the horror and humiliation with which she had heard herself called fast and a hoyden.

"I thought you told me the little maiden you found at Mrs. Mander's was the brightest, freshest, most unsophisticated young creature you had ever met with!" Mrs. Carnegie said to her brother, when with much difficulty she had overcome Pen's reluctance to spend the rest of the day with her. "You called her sparkling! The rain must have washed the sparkles away, or else I, who flatter myself I could make the sourest female like me, have failed to win the goodwill of this pretty child. She is so sorrowful, so uneasy, so grateful for my caresses, yet unwilling to stay, that I cannot understand it."

Neither could Sir Mark, when, with an empressement that any other marriageable girl would have considered very flattering, he came forward as soon as his sister brought Pen into the drawing-room, and endeavored to resume the pleasant intercourse of the preceding evening.

How was it he could not succeed?

Sometimes she could not but be amused by the lively remarks bandied to and fro brother and sister, nor help being drawn into the conversation; but she would check herself with such an air of distress, such a palpable shrinking from the Baronet, that he was quite perplexed.

Presently Mrs. Carnegie was called away, and Pen immediately pushed from her the photographs Sir Mark was displaying, and, rising from her seat, stood before him, white with agitation, but resolute.

"I am told, sir, that I have lowered my aunt and cousins in your estimation by some of my thoughtless admissions yesterday evening. They think I have made an ungrateful return for the kindness they extended when they invited me here, and I am very unhappy about it! Will you try and forget what you heard me say, and not let it put an end to your acquaintance with them?"

"I will not remember anything you wish me to forget, but I fail to understand what——"

"Don't speak of it, please!" cried Pen, in broken tones. "I daresay I was wrong, and I am more sorry, more ashamed, more penitent than I can express! But I am angry, too, for you were very cruel, Sir Mark!"

"Cruel to you!"

"Am I speaking too boldly again? Yet no; it was cruel, it was ungenerous to lead me on with your smiles and seeming interest, till I thought you really were pleased to talk to me and hear me sing my father's favorite songs."

"It seems to me that I have been very much misrepresented!" exclaimed Sir Mark, warmly. "I should be a dishonorable hypocrite if I could make a mock of such happy girlish candor as yours."

"But you laughed at me in your sleeve."

"I laughed with you openly, and felt all the better for it. On my honor, Miss Mander, I do not deserve your reproaches."

"And you did not become away thinking me loud and fast, a vulgar chatterbox and a hoyden?"

"Oh, Pen! how could I think such things of you?"

And Sir Mark had seized the clasped hands of the girl, and was on the point of raising them to his lips, when Mrs. Carnegie returned to the room.

Tears fell fast from Pen's eyes now, but they were not sorrowful ones.

The rest of the day passed like a dream, and she went back to her aunt's in Mrs. Carnegie's carriage so radiant with restored happiness that not even the disapproving looks of her cousins could quite banish it.

They professed to be very glad she had been able to be of service to dearest Mrs. Carnegie, but lectured her severely on the impropriety of straying beyond the grounds.

Nor was she permitted to do so again. The gate was kept locked, and employment—amusement they called it—found for her in copying music for Isabella, making antimacassars for Maria's Dorcas basket, and wearily unpicking a faulty sunflower in Aveline's banner-screen.

That Mrs. Carnegie and Sir Mark called twice in the course of the week she knew, but not being allowed to enter the drawing-room she did not see them.

"You don't get on with us, cousin Pen," said Isabella, at the end of eight days. "It is a pity, for we should have done you so much good; but as you will not let us be your friends, perhaps your visit had better terminate. Our cook is going to see her friends in town to-morrow, and you could travel under her care."

So Pen packed her box, and tried to think of nothing but how pleased the dear old dad would be to see her.

She proudly declined the sum for her traveling expenses Mrs. Mander would have forced on her, but accepted gratefully the shabby old edition of Tennyson by which Aveline testified her goodwill.

She was saying her adieux to her relatives in the hall on the following morning, when the fly that was to convey her and her escort to the railway station was moved aside to make room for Mrs. Carnegie's pony-equipage.

"Going away, Pen? How fortunate that I arrived just in time to prevent it! When Mark was in town yesterday he saw your father, and won his consent for you to come to me as soon as your aunt could spare you; so I shall take you with me now. Jump in, and Parker can drop your luggage at the Priory, instead of the station."

"I rarely aspire to the part of Cassandra," said Aveline, solemnly, when she and her sisters were left alone, and Isabella and Maria watching in rueful silence the ponies trotting away, with Pen snugly nestled in the low trap beside their mistress, "but my prophetic soul forebodes that Sir Mark Everson will marry our little cousin."

And so he did, and brought Pen's father to the Priory, to live the happiest of lives in his fine old library; and though both these rash acts were committed some years ago, the Baronet has seen no reason to regret either of them.

A Nation of Tattooed Men.—Burmah is the land of the tattooed man, and if any one wished to have lessons in the art of tattooing he could find no better place for them.

In a visit to the great prison in Rangoon, which contains more than three thousand men, the writer saw six thousand tattooed legs.

These pen-and-ink sketches on human canvas peep out at you in every crowd you enter. The origin of the custom cannot be traced.

It is in Rangoon the Burmese sign of manhood, and there is as much ceremony about it as there is about the ear piercing of the girls, which chronicles their entrance upon womanhood.

There are professional tattooers, who go about with books of designs, and who will prick a flower or beast upon your leg or arm for a slight consideration.

The instrument used is a pricker about two feet long, with a heavy brass head. The point is split into four prongs, and in these the ink is held.

The tattooer first outlines his sketch, and then, taking the skin up in his hand, pinches it while he puts in the punctures which are to discolor it for ever.

The coloring matter used is lampblack, which turns a purple with age, and which when finished makes the man look as though he were dressed in knit-fitting tights of dark blue. The tattooing is not all done at once, but figure by figure as the boy or man can endure it.

When finished there is a complete mass of figures from the waist on line with the navel to the kneecap, and you often see in addition to this specimens of tattooing on other parts of the body. The people are superstitious about it, and certain kinds of tattooing are supposed to ward off disease.

One kind wards off the snake bite and another prevents a man from drowning. In 1881 a man so tattooed tested the efficacy of his tattooing by allowing his hands and feet to be tied and himself to be thrown into the river.

It is needless to say that the current carried him away, and neither tattoo or man was ever again seen.

The only tattooing affected by woman is that which produces love in the heart of the desired one of the other sex. This is a triangle of peculiar color, which is put on between the eyes, upon the lip, or upon the tongue, as the tattooer prescribes.

Its color is made of a mixture called by the Burmese "the drug of tenderness," and it is a compound not much different from the hell broth brewed by the witches in Macbeth.

Another kind of tattooing is affected by school boys. It prevents, it is said, the boy feeling a whip when he is punished at school, and is universally affected by the bold, bad boy in every Burmese town.

Every Thing in Life is Relative.—It is only by comparing and calculating, that we can know and enjoy happiness. There is a certain degree of pleasure, as well as pain for all men, and they will be found, upon examination, to be nearly equal.

The poor man is destitute of many things for his comfort and convenience, but he often thinks and acts better than the rich man who possesses all. The tradesman lives in obscurity, but he feels himself superior to the great and rich, by the elevation of his sentiments and good conduct, like Diogenes, who preferred his Tub to the throne of Alexander.

We have all sources of hopes, even in illusions, which form here below part of our happiness. We often turn imagination against ourselves, by anticipating sorrow and misfortune, even when everything appears favorable and prosperous. Our desire is scarcely gratified, when we wish to content another, the disappointment of satisfying but one, is sufficient to discourage and deject us.

In order to secure our happiness, we should avoid hurry of business, law suits and embarrassments. Our passions and our senses apply, as it were, a varnish to this world, that prevents us from knowing and seeing it right; what is only a spectre, appears to us under the most seducing form; what stings us, seems to caress; what debases, seems to elevate us.

Hence arises that criminal impetuosity, with which men abandon themselves inconsiderately to the most dangerous objects and the most blamable consequences and disgraces.

Disappointment lurks in many a prize,
As bees in flowers; and stings us with success
Who lives to nature rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

L. G. W.

The Crime of Husbandicide.—The crime of husbandicide—the word is as permissible as infanticide—is as old as the discovery, made a very long time ago, that marriage is a failure.

Two thousand years ago Fabius Maximus ordered the execution of 170 women who had leagued together for the purpose of murdering their husbands. In the Middle Ages husband-poisoning threatened to become a popular if not respectable institution.

The inventor of the famous *Aqua Tofana* pretended that in enabling husbands and wives to get quit of their troublesome partners she promoted the course of domestic harmony, and thus served a religious and conscientious purpose.

The idea, though hypocritical in its origin, got a fanatical hold of certain minds; and long after the recipe for the mysterious potion had been lost, there were poisoners who asserted in the justifiable nature, if not the actual holiness, of their grim possession.

Less than a hundred years ago an old woman was executed at Palermo for dealing in a poisonous vinegar, which she sold to any female who assured her that she had a bad husband of whom she wished to rid herself.

Husband murder had, at one time, a special name in the vocabulary of English jurisprudence.

Under the title of Petitiresson it was punished by strangulation and burning; and down to the thirtieth year of the reign of George III. this was the retribution meted out to women convicted of taking the lives of their husbands.

Value of Eelskins.—One of the largest eel dealers gave some interesting information on the value of eelskins the other day.

"Well," he said, "I know of numbers of cases in which they have been used with complete success for the cure of rheumatism. They are stretched on a board and dried. Then, to make them pliant, they are slightly moistened and tied around the suffering limb. They are worn as garters, anklets, bracelets and armlets. They are even worn around the waist—next to the skin of course—for lumbago and sciatica. Hundreds of cabmen wear them and swear by them; and I have a number of gentlemen customers in the country who ask me to send them eelskins to give away to the poor people of their districts. Persons who have once worn them will never be without them, if they can help it. But, I can not tell you what medicinal property they possess. Perhaps, after all, it is only warmth, for, of course, they must form an almost air tight bandage, like a piece of gutta-percha or gold-beater's skin. Of course, the skins are generally considered as refuse or offal, and are consequently thrown away."

It is an Ohio man who now makes a curious discovery. He says if you go out to feed a flock of chickens and keep them waiting they will first flock about you and then begin a circuit around you from the right to left, and that no amount of interruption or manœuvering will confuse or turn them in another direction. The hen is an inexhaustible source of studious contemplation.

[illegible]

Pigeon flying is growing to be an absorbing amusement in England, particularly among the Birmingham laborers. The spread of the sport has developed quite a new branch of railway traffic. It is the practice of flyers to send their birds in baskets, addressed to the station master at a particular station, with a request that he release them, and mark on the label the time that they were released and return the basket. This request is regularly granted. The officials rather like the work. In cloudy weather porters have been known to feed birds three days before setting them free.

The recent appointment of Miss Joanna Baker to the chair of Greek at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa, is a significant fact as showing the progress of women since it was first permitted to her to acquire the alphabet. Miss Baker succeeds to the position filled by her father, Professor O. H. Baker, seventeen years ago, in the same institution. A beautiful, clear eyed woman, in the flower of her youth, Miss Baker refutes the notion that there is a quarrel between health and early scholarship, since at four she began Greek and Latin, at 8 read the Anabasis, at 14 compiled a lexicon of Sophocles, Œdipus Tyrannus, and at 16 was a tutor of Greek in the college which now claims her as its professor in that honeyed tongue.

More than one hundred and fifty years ago a famous scientist, observing that clothing moths never attacked the wool and hair on living animals, inferred that the natural odor of the wool, or of the oily matter in it, was distasteful to them. Consequently, he rubbed various articles with the wool of fresh pelts, and also wet other garments with the water in which wool had been washed, and found that they were never attacked by moths. Experiments with tobacco smoke and the odors of spirits of turpentine showed that both were equally destructive, but it was necessary to close the room very tightly and keep the fumes very dense in them for twenty-four hours to obtain satisfactory results. Chests of cedar or sprigs of this tree or so distasteful to them that they will not deposit their eggs where this odor is at all strong, but should the eggs be laid before the garments are packed away the odor will not prevent the hatching of the eggs nor the destructive work of the larvæ afterwards. Clothing may also be protected from moths by packing it in stout cotton or paper bags made perfectly tight, but this must be done before the moths appear on the wing.

"Of all human endowments," says Mr. James Payn, the famous novelist, "the memory is the most independent and least subject to the will of its possessor. Like fire, it is an excellent service but a very bad master, and, when it gets the upper hand of us, plays the strangest tricks. It will leave its post of duty at a moment's notice, or at no notice at all; and on the other hand, when, as a particular favor, it is requested to efface itself, it will exhibit an extreme vitality. The best story that has hitherto been told of its malicious humors is in connection with a certain Mr. A., a maker of musical instruments, and his wife, who, a generation or two ago, were getting into good society. They were asked to dinner at Lord B——'s, who, knowing his lady's facility for talking about the wrong subject, besought her while the A.'s were with them not to say one word about a piano. She carefully avoided the topic, though it was the one thing she had in her mind, till the time came for her guests' departure, when in answer to Mrs. A.'s inquiry whether she had not heard her carriage announced, she replied with polite regret that it was so. 'Your piano, I am sorry to say, my dear, is at the door.'"

There is talk of a new machine, which, combining the properties of the telephone and the automatic delivery boxes, is to enable the whole world to listen to operatic and dramatic performances—or portions of them—for the small charge of one penny. The machines are to be placed in such places as cafes, restaurants, and railway stations. You will put a penny into the inevitable slot, move an index hand to the theatre at which the performance to which you desire to listen is going on, pull out a kind of trumpet, and placing you ear to it, will hear for three minutes whatever happens to be in progress. It may be the voice of Patti in grand opera. It may, on the other hand, only be the voice of some low comedian in a roaring farce. At the expiration of the magical three minutes, unless you place another penny in the slot, you will hear no more. Three minutes for a penny is not dear in the end; but, if you listen to the whole of a play which lasts, say, two hours and a half, it will cost you one dollar, a sum for which you may generally obtain a comfortable seat and a more or less distant view of the performers. The new machine, therefore, will not appeal to theatre goers, but chiefly to persons who would like to go to the theatre if only they could reconcile the business with the dictates of conscience.

A mother's first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own. How different must an affection thus founded be from any other.

R. R. R.

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A half teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For cholera and severe cases of the foregoing complaints see our printed directions.

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Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will cure pain as quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in a tumbler of water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

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Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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BY MINNIE DOUGLASS.

JACK and Grace West were their real names, but Mr. West said they were so like Jack and Jill that the name of Jill came to be one by which Grace was best known.

It was a hot June day, and the heat had made them cross; and Mrs. West, who had some notes to write in time for the post, so that she might be quiet, told them to run and play.

Jack and Jill hung their heads, and did not move or say a word.

"Go and be quick, dears," said Mrs. West, who had no time to spare. "You may ask cook for some fruit, and take it off to the field; but sit in the shade while you eat it."

At this Jack and Jill got quite bright. They ran fast to the back of the house, and in at the door, hand in hand.

"Please, cook, some fruit for us."

"Did your ma say so?"

"Yes."

"Well, the box with the fruit in it is out there. You must just take some, for I've got this fowl to baste and a tart to make; and what with the 'eat and the soot, I do not know I am on my 'ead or on my 'eels."

Off went Jack and Jill and made the most of the chance. First Jill's frock was held up to take the fruit, and then Jack thought he might as well put some in his hat.

You may be sure there was more than would be good for the two.

They went to the field and sat on the cool grass, where a large tree threw its cool shade.

They had just had some of the fruit when they saw a small child, with no hat on its fair head, crawl through a hole in the hedge.

They were not far from a broad strip of grass which lay by the road, and where vans could be seen at times with chairs to sell, and here and there a brush or broom hung on them.

And, though Jack and Jill did not know it, this wee child, who now came on with slow steps, was from a van down the road.

"What a mite!" said Jack in a soft voice; and the small girl stood in front of them with a bit of her pink frock held tight in one hand.

"Have some fruit?" said Jill.

This was just what the child had come for. She took the fruit, and then, with a smile, she held out her small frock for more.

"What a cool flash!" said Jack, with a laugh.

"She's a dear!"

But the child had now got what she came for, and went off.

Jack and Jill got up, and, still with the rest of their fruit held safe, went to where the child found the hole in the hedge.

Just then they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and Jack cried—

"It's run off! It's Jim's horse! He cannot have tied it when he took the meat in."

Jack got through the hedge, and so did Jill, and they saw the wee child roll on the turf where the horse had come past.

"Is she hurt?" said Jill, with a face full of fear.

Here the child set up a scream, and then a loud voice cried—

"What are you at now? I'll give it to you when I catch you, Nan!"

Nan got up; she was not hurt, but she ran as fast as she could when she heard the loud voice.

Then the tramp whose voice they had heard came up with some small brooms in her arms.

"Buy a nice broom, my dear," she said to Jill in quite a soft way.

But Jill held her lap full of fruit tight, and gave a look to see where the child had gone.

"She's a bad 'un, she is," said the tramp. "I'll larn her to run off like that!"

"She won't run if you are kind to her. She thinks you are going to beat her," said Jack, with a flash from his bright blue eyes.

"May be she's right," said the tramp, as she sent a glance to where the child could be seen far off on the road.

"I'll fetch her!" cried Jill; "and you shall have all my fruit if you say you won't beat her!"

"Well, if I don't have to run for her I'll do as you say, miss," and a large piece of stuff was held out to catch the fruit, which was sent in with a quick push, and Jill ran off to catch the child.

It was strange how fast that mite could run! Jill could not get her breath when she caught hold of the pink frock, and they both fell on the ground.

"Go 'way!" cried Nan.

"No—come—with me!" said Jill, with a gasp; and Jack came up just then, his hat on his head, for all his fruit was in the tramp's lap as well.

"Come on," he said, and took hold of the child's hand; "she won't beat you—she said she wouldn't."

And the three went back, Jack on the left and Jill on the right of Nan.

Just then a poor man came by from his work in a field, and Nan cried, with a sort of scream, "Dad! dad!"

His face was sad and dull when he first saw them, but now it grew bright. He threw down his spade, and sprang to where the child stood. She put her arms round his neck, and laid her head down with a smile.

"Dad, take me home."

"Yes, my dear, and I will too," said the man.

Mr. West had got home, and as he did not see Jack or Jill, he did not like it, and set out to find them.

He met them all—the man, whom he knew, and his child, and then Jack and Jill.

What Jack first said was—

"Is that van gone?"

"What van?" said Mr. West, with a look down the road.

"It's gone!" cried Jill, in great glee.

"Sir," said the poor man, "my child here was took off two weeks gone by a tramp at the fair. My wife's been so sad."

Then Mr. West heard the whole tale, and sent Jack and Jill to bed, for it was already late.

"All right, my pets," he said; "I will see to Nan; and Mrs. Jones will bring her to see you some day, though they do live four miles off."

"Ay, sure!" said the man; "we'll not need to be told we got our Nan back by your kind help."

It was a strange night to the twins. They could only dream of vans with brooms, and small girls who could get through a hole in the hedge.

THE GRATEFUL FLIES.

BY MINNIE DOUGLASS.

LONG ago, in those times when fairies were still to be found on earth, men used to understand the language of animals, birds and even of insects; but as they lived on longer in the world they began to become conceited.

Thinking themselves masters of everything, and too clever to pay attention to such small beings as "dickies" and flies, they did not any more trouble about listening to their talk, and so, little by little, lost the faculty of understanding them.

The smaller the creatures were, the more people despised them, till at last they could perhaps understand when a dog asked them, barking, to open the door, or a little kitten mewed for some milk; but the songs of the birds had become more difficult to them than Latin or Greek, and the stories which flies and gnats could tell were nothing but a disagreeable buzzing noise.

I am afraid that you and I have at times even lost our temper when on a hot summer's day the flies would not let us do our work, or in the early morning there was no peace and sleep to be got though them, and we have impatiently called out, "Go away, you nasty things! I would just like to know what is the good of flies! They are only there to torment man and beast!"

But somebody who still understands their language has told me that often their buzzing means, "I should like to know what men are made for, as they seem a great nuisance to us flies."

This shows that they are just as clever as we ourselves; but to prove how kind they also can be, I am going to tell you a story that happened a great many years in Japan.

In one of the chief towns, though in a poor quarter, there lived a man called Tufu, who kept a refreshment stall. Tufu was a good-natured fellow, incapable of hurting anybody, and he extended his kindness even to the flies that swarmed his place.

They never made him impatient; on the contrary, he rather liked them, and would carefully save every fly from drowning whenever he happened to see one struggling in the dregs of a glass of lemonade or any other beverage.

People used to laugh at him, but as he served all his customers well, they always returned to Tufu, and his business flourished.

After some years he had quite enough money to buy a house, and open one of the largest establishments in the whole town.

His good fortune followed him into his new home, and he was on the high road to becoming a rich man, when some of his former neighbors—particularly a wicked man named Kuroda and his wife—made up their minds to ruin him.

They had always been jealous of his success, but this was more than they could bear.

It was a difficult task to lead Tufu into trouble, as he had never done any wrong, but after many secret consultations between Kuroda and his wife they found the means to rob him of his wealth and his good name, and probably even of his life.

Mrs. Kuroda, who often called upon Tufu's wife, was to get some deadly poison, put a little in the saku, or lemonade, which was always offered to visitors, and then hide the rest of the poison somewhere in the house.

This plan was executed, and one day when Tufu returned home from an errand he found his wife lying dead on the floor.

A doctor was called in, but he could not bring her back to life, and when he declared the cause of her death to be poison the police came to search the whole house, until they found a bottle of the same poison on which poor Mrs. Tufu had died.

Her husband was very much grieved at this unexpected loss, but who can imagine his despair when he himself was accused of having killed her, and taken to prison as a murderer?

He protested his innocence in every possible way, but there was the bottle of poison, and who else could have any interest in Mrs. Tufu being dead or alive?

Though nothing, not even threats of torture, could wring a confession from Tufu, everybody believed him to be guilty, and he was sentenced to death.

On a dreary foggy morning poor Tufu was led to the place where criminals are usually put to death.

The executioner stood there with a big sword, ready to do his dreadful work, when suddenly the sun broke through the clouds, and with him millions of flies appeared.

They swarmed round Tufu and the executioner as if a black cloud had fallen from the skies; neither of them could see anything, and as the people tried to drive the flies away there came more and more to the place, till the air seemed filled with them, and the executioner finding it impossible to do his duty, Tufu was taken back to prison.

Two days later, the execution having been fixed to take place, the same thing happened once more.

The people did not know what to think of such a wonderful event.

At last they informed the emperor of it, who promised he would himself go to the execution, and see whether in his awe-inspiring presence the flies would also dare to interfere with the law; but the flies were brave and again saved their friend.

When the emperor saw them with his own eyes he sent for the criminal, and asked what explanation he could give of this miracle.

Tufu told him in his plain way how he had saved the life of a good many flies, and supposed that they in return wished to save him.

"Well!" exclaimed the emperor, "a man with such a kind heart cannot possibly have murdered his wife!" and he ordered the case to be tried once more.

This time every effort was made to prove Tufu's innocence, and, after a great deal of trouble and anxiety, the wickedness of the Kurodas came to light.

Tufu escaped from disgrace and death, was restored to his former good position, and more than ever respected by everybody.

"All this," he used to say, "I owe entirely to my grateful flies."

CRANES AND THEIR WAYS.

BY L. F.

SOME years ago there might have been seen in a private aviary two cranes of the kind called Demoiselle, which were very much attached to each other. Their droll antics were amusing.

Now they would dance about in the queerest fashion, and then they would take to bowing with a gravity that made folk laugh.

But the happiness of the couple did not last long, for the female died after a short illness.

Her mate was inconsolable, and it seemed as if the grief-stricken mourner would break its heart because of the loss it had sustained.

The owner of the aviary, however anxious to save the bird, resolved to divert its thoughts by playing upon the vanity and curiosity from which even cranes are not free.

Accordingly, he procured a large mirror, and securely fastened it in the aviary, against an ivy covered tree stump.

His experiment had the very best results.

No sooner did the crane behold its image in the glass than it began to take comfort to itself.

From that day forward it ceased to pine, and found that life had again become worth living.

I am afraid to mention the many minutes which it used to spend at a time in front of the mirror, dressing its feathers, and otherwise displaying a great deal of satisfaction with itself.

Its drooping spirits were revived, its health became quite restored and it survived to a good old age.

How are we to explain the marked change which came over the bird just at the nick of time?

Did the image of itself agreeably recall memories of its late partner, or was the novelty of the situation so absorbing that by the time its freshness had worn away it had forgotten its affliction?

Few persons have any idea how clever and intelligent a creature a tame crane becomes.

Von Heyffertitz owned some which acquired a degree of wisdom that was almost human.

They, too, showed a great liking for the society of men.

If any of the folk of the village gave them a meal, they never afterwards forgot the attention, but paid their patrons a daily visit.

They were most punctual too, at mealtimes.

If dinner was not ready at the accustomed hour, they would walk into the kitchen and wait for their food.

Don't you think that in this quiet way they effectively taught their cook a useful lesson?

Like the crane of the aviary whose doleful case has already been told, one of them lost its mate in an accident, but, unlike him it did not mope.

Not being able to find another chum of its own kind, it made friends with a bull, whose loud bellow seemed to have created a very favorable impression upon him.

The two grew inseparable.

To field or stable the crane always followed the bull, which it seemed to regard as a superior being.

When the bull roared the crane screeched; when flies were troublesome the crane fell a-catching them; when the bull was out of temper the crane acted as peacemaker; when the bull went abroad with the herds the crane stalked a few feet behind, bowing or dancing around it with the utmost respect.

At times the bird would run on some distance in advance, and then bowing low, thus wait till the bull had come up to it; and after they had returned to the yard the crane would take leave of its friend with many grave bows.

But this strange creature did not waste all its time in devotion to the bull.

It kept horses and foals, oxen and cows, and cocks and hens in order; drove them to the meadows and back; separated them when they got quarrelling, and made itself so really useful that it was busy the whole day long.

It never complained that it had not a minute which it could call its own; never expected to have one evening a week, nor every other Sunday, to itself.

When the animals refused to obey, it either beat them with its beak, or screamed at them with its loud ringing voice, the cries so alarming the rebels that they took to their heels.

This had its drawbacks. On one occasion it frightened some heifers, and caused them to bolt the wrong road.

It gave chase at once, but after a hot run of two miles the stray cattle made for a corn field in the next village, the owner of which promptly seized the trespassers. Although the crane escaped capture, it returned home quite downcast at its failure.

The principal food of this extraordinary bird was bread, which it often received from the hand.

But if it wanted to dine off the floor, it placed a piece there, and the cook had to throw the rest down.

With the cook, however, it was always on the best of terms.

If she were absent it would search for her everywhere, listening for her voice, and even for her footstep.

This friendship (for it was not mere "cupboard love") was not surprising, because she used to carry it to its sleeping place when it was quite young, as it did not like to go by itself.

It always wished to go to bed early when the weather was bad, but of a fine evening it used to hide itself, being as unwilling to retire then as some of the readers of this story are.

The only time that it was angry with the cook was when she paid no attention to its demands for food.

Then she heard from it; for a hungry crane is about as patient and reasonable as a hungry boy.

But, as a rule, everybody was very fond of the queer harmless creature, whose diligence, indeed, was beyond praise.

WHAT IS LEISURE.—Let there be no misunderstanding about what is meant by this word leisure. Labor is forced exercise of one's physical, mental, or emotional powers, and implies pain.

Whenever such exercise is performed through love of it and regardless of extraneous reward, it is not labor, but pastime, just as truly as is the action of the boy panting through a game of football, or buried in the pages of "Robinson Crusoe."

The one is undergone for the wage it brings, the other for the satisfaction of doing it. There is no end of cant in this matter of labor. Too many of us want that to be considered labor which is done mainly for our own entertainment.

Those who perform real labor know that much of what is paid for as such is not labor at all; worse yet, that it is not always honest pastime, but merely the gratification of individual vanity or arrogance.

It is especially to be remembered that leisure is not sluggardliness or inaction, but choice of action; and that no labor is so hard to endure as absolute idleness.

SMITH: "What are you loafing around town at this time of night for?"

Brown: "'Fraid to go home. Wife told me to be sure and remember something, and I've forgotten what it was."

Smith: "It wasn't dry goods or groceries, was it?"

Brown: "No."

Smith: "Baby food, tacks or theatre tickets?"

Brown: "No; but I've just thought of it."

Smith: "What was it?"

Brown: "She wanted me to remember to come home early."

SELFISHNESS.—The selfishness of the busy or preoccupied man shows itself in his habit of subordinating everything to the exigencies of his own work and gradually making them an excuse for having his own way in relation to matters wholly unconnected with it. He falls into the way of believing that it is a matter of necessity for him to arrange his holidays, his amusements, his hospitalities, and his social intercourse in general with exclusive reference to his own professional convenience. Thus in time he becomes, is not a really selfish man, at least a very good copy of one.

LOVE'S LAST WOE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

This is love's last despair,
This is love's woe,
This is his final flare,
This his death-throe.

No more with soul on fire
Scans he the skies;
Failing is his desire,
Void are his eyes.

No more with anguish wild
Wrestles he here;
Mem'ry on mem'ry piled
Draws not a tear.

No more can he be stirred
With powerful passion,
Lies he 'neath tenderest word
Dull, dead and ashen.

This is love's last despair,
This is love's woe;
This is his final flare,
This his death-throe.

APPLE LORE.

The apple has always been one of the most popular of fruits. Poets have sung its praises and prose writers have dwelt upon its virtues.

Naturally, there has gathered round it a not inconsiderable body of folklore.

It used to be the custom in Devonshire and the other western fruit producing counties of England to perform a sacrifice to the apple tree on Twelfth Night.

In the evening the farmer's family and their friends assembled and partook of toasted bread, dipped in cider.

They then went into the orchard, one of the party carrying hot cake or bread and cider, to be offered to the principal tree.

The cake was placed on a forked branch, and the cider was thrown over it. While this was being done, the assembled men fired off their muskets, pistols, or any other firearms which they could muster, and the women and children shouted excitedly.

In Sussex, in the apple growing districts, a somewhat similar ceremony, so far as the chanted or shouted invocation, used to be and perhaps still is performed.

It was known as "wonsling"—that is, wassailing the apple trees, and was generally performed by boys, to whom the farmers always gave pence, as it was considered unlucky to omit the ceremony.

To this day at a fruit gathering in Holstein five or six apples are left hanging on each tree, in order that the next year's produce may be plentiful.

This is evidently a sacrifice to the god who blessed the crop. All these practices are doubtless remains of the old Roman worship of Ceres.

Another survival and development of ancient superstitions is to be found in the widespread use of the apple in divination.

In Scotland and in England the apple is a very popular divining medium in love matters.

Part of this popularity is probably due to the common notion that the tree of knowledge of good and evil was an apple-tree.

Horace mentions the use of apple-pips in love affairs. A lover would take a pip between the finger and thumb and shoot it up to the ceiling; and if it struck it, his or her wish would be accomplished.

Nowadays a maiden tests the fidelity of her beloved by putting a pip in the fire, at the same time pronouncing his name. If the pip bursts with a report, it is a sign that he loves her; but should it burn silently, she is convinced of his want of true affection for her.

This is often performed with nuts instead of pips.

Gay mentions the very common amusement of paring an apple without breaking the peel and then throwing the strip back over the left shoulder, in order to see the initial letter of the lover's name formed by the shape the paring takes upon the ground.

This is often one of the many divinations duly practiced on Hallowe'en or All Saints' Eve.

Another way at the same season is for the curious maiden to stand before a looking glass combing her hair with one hand and eating an apple held in the other; the face of the future husband will then be seen in the glass looking over her left

The apple appears occasionally in folk-medicine. In Lincolnshire a very common remedy for weak eyes is a poultice made of rotten apples.

In the sample part of the world, warts are cured by rubbing them nine times with an apple cut into nine pieces; the sections of the fruit are reunited and buried, and as they decay, so it is thought the warts will disappear. The notion that these excrescences can be cured by being rubbed with apple sections, or with a green elder stick or a bean shell, if the substance used is buried or left to rot, is found in many parts of the country.

An old collection of of Receipts in Physick and Surgery, dated 1759, gives the following "For a blow, or hurt in the eye:"

"Beat the leaves of eyebright with a rotten apple; lay it on the eye as a poultis; repeat it as it grows dry. I think the juice of the eyebright is best."

The euphrasia, or eyebright, was long considered a powerful medicine for all affections of the eye.

A New England charm for ague is for the patient to take a string made of woollen yarn, of three colors, and to go by himself to an apple tree; there tie his left hand loosely with the right to the tree by the string, then to slip his hand out of the knot and run into the house without looking behind him.

This is an instance of the very old and general belief that disease can be cured by its transference either to an animal of a lower order or to some stationary object such as a tree.

There used to be a curious custom observed on Easter Sunday in Oxfordshire. After evening service, men and women threw large quantities of apples into the church-yard; and those persons who had been married during the year had to throw three times as many as any of the rest.

After this was done they all adjourned to the minister's house to eat bread and cheese and drink ale. The minister, may it be noted, was always expected to have the best cheese he could get.

The importance in the fruit growing counties of a good crop has naturally given rise to many proverbial sayings connected with the apple tree.

In Devonshire the people say:

> If good apples you would have,
> The leaves must be in the grave.

That is, the tree should be planted after the fall of the leaf.

A common notion is that if the sun shines through the apple-trees on Christmas Day, there will be a plentiful crop in the ensuing year. Blossoms in March is a bad sign.

But if the tree blossoms in May, "you can eat apple dumplings every day." Or, as another version has it, "you may eat 'em night and day.'

Grains of Gold.

He never errs who sacrifices self.

The great duty of life is not to give pain.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

The best government is self government.

He loses nothing that keeps God for his friend.

Actions are the measures of worth, not professions.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Experience and wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers.

Experience don't make a man so bold as it does so careful.

It is easier to overestimate than under estimate one's self.

Nothing which has entered into our experience is ever lost.

We often need those reproofs which we have given to others.

He may well be contented who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

Conscience differs with different persons and with some persons it makes no difference.

Nature keeps an accurate account. The longer the bill is left unpaid the heavier the accumulation of interest.

Human happiness does not result from bodily excellence or from riches, but is founded on uprightness of conduct.

Foresight is very wise; but fore sorrow is very foolish; and castles are, at any rate, better than dungeons in the air.

Femininities.

Men make laws, women make manners.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife, that is the mother.

The girl horse thief arrested in Charleston, W. Va., has escaped from jail.

If a whole egg is too much of a burden for the invalid's stomach, try the yolk only.

Virtue, as understood by the world, is a constant struggle against the laws of nature.

Mrs. W. A. Cockran, of Shelbyville, Ill., has invented a machine that will wash dishes.

Damp salt will remove the discolorations of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

No woman who loves rightly, and means rightly, insists upon keeping an engagement secret.

If poisoned with ivy, bathe the affected parts freely three times a day with sweet spirits of nitre.

Mrs. Harrison has put her foot down on handshaking. The President's wife will shake no more.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply it with a nail brush; scrub well and dry thoroughly.

The stitching on the backs of the latest evening gloves is described as making "three hairpins radiating from a centre."

Generally speaking, poultry keeping pays better than any other occupation that comes within the reach of women who live on farms.

A pair of screens wrought in the finest of gold lacquer by Japanese workmen have been sold to a merchant of Shanghai for $11,000.

When walking out the Empress of Russia always carries a large fan, with which to screen her face from those who stare rudely at her.

A royal object of pity. Mrs Fangle: "I'm sorry for Queen Victoria for one thing." Mr. Fangle: "What is that?" "Everybody knows her age."

"There," said the new lady of the castle, "are the graves of the former owner's ancestors. My ancestors," she added, proudly, "are all living."

Mrs. Cobwigger: "My husband, I'm sorry to say, is a man of very little taste." Cora: "That must be real nice for you, for I heard me say your cooking was dreadful."

Husband, at the opera: "See how pale Mrs. Upwell is! I never saw her so affected by tragedy before." Wife, sagaciously: "It isn't that; her back hair is coming down."

Flossie, looking up from her history: "Well, what I don't understand about Columbus discovering America is how he knew it was America when he had never seen it before!"

Jinks, at a party: "I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me!" Stranger: "I have just come in. She's my wife."

"Don't you think, Mr. Penley," said a summer girl to a newspaper man, "that there is a good deal printed about occurrences at the seaside that isn't true?" "Yes," replied Penley, "and I also think that there's a good deal that's true that isn't printed."

Miss Marie, at the cooking school: "Do you mean to say, chef, that we must put our bare hands into the dough?" Professor Tartopommes: "Mais certainly, m'm'selle!" Miss Marie: "Perhaps that is why I failed with my bread the last time. My gloves seemed rather in the way."

Gay widow's daughter: "Mamma, why did you tell Mrs. Lamode that I am only 18, when I am really 24?" Gay widow: "Because 18 is 6 years under 30, my dear." Daughter: "Yes, I know; but surely I don't need the benefit of those six years at my age, do I?" Widow: "Not at all, my child; but I do."

A woman is now as free as any man, so far as masculine opinion governs action, to choose her work. She may engage in any occupation she pleases without fear of losing the respect of any sensible person. She may cultivate whatever powers she has without limit and exercise them without hindrance.

A prudent helpmeet. Wife: "I read in the paper that they are likely to have a war in Behring Sea and kill all the seals." Husband: "Yes; the price of sealskin sacques will be so high next winter that we must not think of buying." Wife: "That was what I was afraid of, so I ordered two today before the rise in price occurred."

"So, Mr. Hankinson, you are going on a tour of the world?" "Yes, Miss Whitesmith." "And will you promise to write to me from every country you may visit?" "Promise? Ah, you know not how I will value the privilege. And you will really care to hear from me?" "Yes, I am collecting the postage stamps of all countries."

From Lewistown, Me., comes the intelligence that two young ladies from this State have rented an old log cabin on the Cupcuptic Lake and have settled down to spend two months alone in the wilderness. "They chop their own wood, catch and eat their own fish, row their own boat for miles and miles over the lakes, and seem as happy and contented as can be."

The following is copied from the London Post of August 4: "To Parents—Unruly girls and boys of any age visited and punished at their homes by a thorough disciplinarian accustomed to administer corporal punishment; all bad habits cured by one or two attendances; fee 2s. for two visits. Address Birch, Box 253, Willing's Advertising Offices, 125 Strand, W. C."

King Alphonso, of Spain, has just taken his first sea bath at San Sebastian. His eldest sister, who does not herself exceed 9 years, carried the royal infant into the ocean and deposited him in the water. He chuckled and crowed with enthusiasm much in the same way as other infants, and yelled defiance when he was at length fetched out by his nurse and dressed. He has not yet signed a decree for the beheading of the nurse.

Masculinities.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Men's collars are higher than ever.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Do not kick every one in your path.

There is nothing so holy (and inexpensive) as a sister's love.

A mother's love, in a degree, sanctifies the most worthless offspring.

When a man gets to be a grandfather he sighs as he thinks how old his wife is.

In France the doctor's claim on the estate of a deceased patient has precedence of all others.

A duly compounded mixture of work, recreation, sleep and diet is the only true elixer of life.

Wifely care: "John, do tie a knot in your handkerchief before you go to bed so as not to forget to get up to-morrow at 4 o'clock."

David Clark, an oysterman, brought two drowning children ashore at Elizabeth, N. J., not long ago, making 12 lives the hero has saved in 8 years.

Mr. Gladstone says that he brought his children up without constraint. "They have never been governed at any period of their lives by force."

"Why so happy, John? Is your family back?" "No, indeed; but I've just received word from my wife that she has concluded to remain at the seashore another month."

In the case of a young man in Iowa sued for breach of promise the jury didn't assess damages on his breaking the agreement, but on the great quantity of poor poetry he wrote her for two years.

The photographs on the White House desk of babies born since the election and named Benjamin Harrison make a big bundle. Every State of the Union, with but one or two exceptions, has contributed.

Men's ties have become very large and prominent. Their regulation size is 6½ inches wide and 60 inches long, and in order to let them be seen as much as possible the waistcoat is much lower and double-breasted.

Among the modern "Mysteries of Paris" is a shop devoted to the sale of tea at the retail counter. A real live prince may be seen any day weighing up packets of the leaf which cheers but does not inebriate.

Time, 4.30 A. M. Druggist: "Well, what is it; is it a case of extreme necessity?" Caller: "I—hic—should think she. Would you—hic—please let me look at—hic—your directory 'till I—hic—find out where I live?"

Englishman, to stranger: "Excuse me, sir, but aren't you a foreigner?" Stranger: "Foreigner? No, sir; I'm an American, pure and simple!" Englishman: "Ah! and what tribe do you belong to, please?"

It is stated that a gentleman of Boston who suffered injuries of a grave character recently in a railroad accident was waited upon by 27 lawyers immediately, who offered to bring suit against the railroad company for damages—their fees to be contingent.

"Simkins, old fellow," said a traveling man, "I want to offer my sincere sympathies." "What for?" "Why, I just heard that your wife had been stricken dumb; couldn't speak a word." "Oh, yes. It is too bad. I feel very sorry about it—for her sake."

The conversation turned upon a certain gentleman who is not what is called a brilliant speaker. "He has only three faults," a friend apologetically remarked; "first, he reads his speeches; second, he reads them badly; third, they are not worth reading."

Charlie: "That was a good game of poker we had last night." Harry: "First rate. How did you come out?" "Ten dollars ahead." "How do you figure it out that way? You borrowed twenty, didn't you, to begin on?" "Yes; but I only lost $10 of it."

Mother: "Laura, you ought to make that young man of yours go home earlier." Miss Laura: "But we are engaged, mamma, and I don't see why—" "You will get him into habits of staying out late that you will be sorry for some day after the honeymoon is over."

Might have been expressed differently. Hicks: "What an ignorant fellow Blanders is! I talked to him an hour last night about literary matters, and I don't believe he knew any more when I got through than when I began." Spodkins: "My dear man, I haven't a doubt of it. Of course he didn't."

A young man named Story has sued the estate of his late uncle, William E. Story, of Erie county, N. Y., to recover $5,000 and interest from 1877, which amount was promised if he would not drink, smoke, snuff or chew until he was 21 years of age. He was 25 at the time and he complied with the conditions imposed.

"Your husband was a great sufferer in his last illness, Mrs. Kooley?" "Yes, an awful sufferer. But, do you know, I think it is a mercy he died. If he'd lived he'd never got through talking about that illness. Of course it would have been a great pleasure to him, poor man; but think how all the rest of us would have suffered!"

John Loss, consulting a clairvoyant: "My watch has been stolen, and I want information that will lead to its recovery." Clairvoyant: "Cross my palm with a silver dollar.—(It is done, and the clairvoyant falls into a trance.)—Your watch is in the pocket of a bad man. Find him, cause his arrest, and the timepiece will again be yours."

A young man had centered his attentions on a charming lady for a good while, and had just proposed to her for the seventeenth time. "Can't you take no for an answer?" she inquired, in a tone that showed decided annoyance. "No, not exactly," he replied, meekly. "But I'll try and get along with it till you can give me a better one."

Recent Book Issues.

Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, have issued Number 1 of Volume 1 of their "New Publications," containing many interesting literary notes and features.

"A Lawyer's Don'ts," by I. Lockwood, is a little book, full of useful hints to all classes of people. It is seldom so much that is valuable is found in so small space. Published by Dillingham, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price 25 cents.

"The New Literary, or Blots and Blemishes," is a neatly-printed and nicely got-up little book that is full of point and wisdom from the first line to the last. No one can read it without finding many truths he needs to know concerning himself and others. Published by Dillingham, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Every Man His Own Doctor" is a most valuable book in matters of health, life, courtship, marriage, etc. There is no l ck of such books already in the market, but this has the double merit of practical usefulness with cheapness in price. J. Hamilton Myers, M. D., of New York, is the author. Published by Dillingham, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Sant' Ilario," is issued with all the advantages that handsome type, fine paper and perfect printing can lend it. The story, which deals with contemporary Italian life and manners, is a sequel to the author's "Saracinesca," and the closing lines of the book indicate that there may be a sequel to this book. The incidents are profuse and interesting, and are dovetailed and developed with great skill, and the characters are, for the most part, remarkably strong studies, vigorously outlined and vividly presented generally. Of Mr. Crawford's literary style there is no need to write further than to state that in this book it is seen in its most brilliant and forcible aspects, and with all of that strength and finish that have always made it so attractive. The story is an admirable bit of artistic work, with a well-digested plot, and powerful dramatic interest. In many respects it is Mr. Crawford's most finished and fluent effort. Published by Macmillan & Co, New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Wide Awake for September opens the new serial by Susan Coolidge, a story for girls who have their living to earn; it is called "A Little Knight of Labor." The Peppers serial by Margaret Sidney, is full of good times and exciting happenings. An article that will read with interest relates to "Maria Mitchell at Vassar," and is written by one of her old pupils. Miss Risley Seward gives the last of her Around the World Stories. Madame de Meissner, in "The Story of the 'Magic Flute'," relates a romantic incident in the young life of Mozart. Lieut. Loudon tells a bright Indian story, and there are stories, sketches and poems by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, Rose Terry Cooke, William H. Hayne, Prof. Starr, and more than a dozen other contributors, with many illustrations. The "Men and Things" department is full of bright anecdotes and interesting talks. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

The September *St. Nicholas* contains a full and interesting account of "Helen Keller," a young girl, who like the late Laura Bridgman, is deaf, dumb and blind. It is written by Florence Howe Hall, and contains pictures of the child, of her teacher, a fac-simile letter from the little girl herself, and other illustrations. Mary Hallock Foote tells us the sad story of "The Lamb That Couldn't Keep Up," and a beautiful drawing illustrating the story forms the frontispiece. Among the other attractions are stories by Tudor Jenks, Thomas A. Janvier, Treadwell Walden, Eleanor C. Lewis and others; another instalment of "Among the Florida Keys," an artist's account of "Northern Arizona," "Modern Harbor Defenses," "A Strange Night Watchman in India," sonnets, jingles, poems, etc., all finely illustrated. The Century Co., New York.

THE BLESSINGS OF SLEEP.—The friends of a young Albanian have been poking fun at him for some months, and with a good reason. He invited a young woman of his acquaintance to a dance with him. He sent her flowers, and on the night of the occasion he arrayed himself in evening dress and was all ready to sally forth. Upon consulting his watch, however, he found he had ten minutes to spare. As he was very tired he thought he would lie down and rest for a few moments, so he threw himself on the lounge. Suddenly he started up to find that he had been sleeping. He knew that he had just dozed a second, but when he looked at the time he found it was exactly 3 o'clock in the morning. The ball was over. The girl has never forgiven him.

WEAK, AILING, WORRYING CHILDREN are often afflicted with Worms, the special symptoms caused by the confined irritation of these Pests, being both distressing to the little one and alarming to the parent. You can rid your children of Worms, and save them much suffering by resorting to Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, which is a good Tonic also, and builds up the strength of young and old, acting with especial benefit in Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Want of Appetite. Buy the large size bottles when a Tonic is needed.

BIRD MIMICRY.

Undoubtedly, the most perfect mimic amongst the feathered tribes is the American mocking-bird, a bird belonging to the Thrush family.

On account of its wonderful powers of imitation, the aborigines of Mexico called it "four hundreds tongues or languages." It is during the daytime that its imitative powers are usually exhibited; and so fine is its mimicry of the songs of other birds, that even the most practised ear is deceived thereby.

Although it has never been known to imitate the human voice, its powers extends to the mimicry of the cries and calls of other birds, the mewing of cats, the barking of dogs, cock-crowing, hen-cackling, pig-squeaking, creaking of hinges, and numerous other sounds.

The best imitator of the human voice is the parrot; but its powers as a mimic are so well known that we need not stay to enumerate them.

It must not be supposed that this faculty is confined to one or two species, for it is possible that most birds are endowed with it.

The developement of these powers frequently takes place when in confinement, the exercise of the faculty seeming to afford much enjoyment to the performer.

Amongst birds which may be made to utter words and short sentences are the magpie, jay, starling, and jackdaw. The first mentioned of these, it is said, may be taught to speak almost as plainly as the parrot does; and the starling may be taught to say almost anything, as well as to whistle tunes.

A goldfinch has been known to mimic to the life the chirp of the sparrow, the "spink, spink" of the chaffinch, the twittering of the swallow, the bell-like "ecoid" of the blackbird, the notes of the oxeye tit, the bunting, the whitethroat, and the wren—in fact, any and every bird's cry that he had the chance of hearing during his ten years' confinement.

The bullfinch is a notable imitator of tunes, while the canary frequently reproduces parts of the airs that have been whistled or played in his hearing.

There is on record a most interesting and curious case of mimicry by a canary.

A gentleman having taken temporary rooms in a lodging-house, was much disturbed during his first evening's stay, there by the persistent striking of a clock (utterly regardless of time) outside the room.

It became so annoying to him, that he opened his door for the purpose of calling the landlady, when to his surprise the sound suddenly ceased.

Upon questioning the landlady, he found that the sound was made by a pet canary whose cage was placed in a window-seat outside his door.

The imitation was exact so it was impossible to detect the fraud by the ear alone.

There are very few persons who have intruded upon the nesting-ground of the lapwing who have not been deceived by the piteous cry and painful fluttering of an apparently wounded bird; for the plover is an excellent mimic in this respect, and by these means succeeds in drawing off the novice from her nested treasure.

Titlarks, wild ducks, wagtails, and sandpipers also thus exercise their reasoning faculties and powers of mimicry.

Death simulation is a species of mimicry or fraud not unfrequently practised by birds when suddenly alarmed. The land rail has been known to simulate death and under the closest examination it showed not the slightest sign of life.

The pretence was continued until some time after it had been stowed away in the captor's pocket, when, with a sudden effort, it escaped from its prison and flew away as if nothing had happened.

SEEING BOTH WAYS.—Nature has enabled some animals to see objects behind them as well as in front without turning round. The hare has this power in a marked degree. Its eyes are large, prominent, and placed laterally. Its power of seeing things in the rear is very noticeable in coursing, for though the greyhound is mute while running, the hare is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment at which it will be best for it to double. Horses are another instance. It is only necessary to watch a horse driven invariably without blinkers to notice this. Take, for instance, those on street cars. Let the driver even attempt to take the whip in hand, and if the horse is used to the work he will at once increase his pace. The giraffe, which is a very timid animal is approached with the utmost difficulty, on account of its eyes being so placed that it can see as well behind as in front. When approached, this same faculty enables it to direct with great precision the rapid storms of kicks with which it defends itself.

THE WEDDING RING.—For want of a little thought many a wedding ring has cut, as it were, the wearer's finger to the bone. Many a wedding ring has been heavier than a ton of lead. Men must make allowances for women as women, if they want to be happy themselves and to make their wives happy; and women must make allowances for men, and for men as men. They each have their own troubles and their own needs, and very often the one does not understand and cannot understand the needs of the other.

Men have their own troubles and worries and women have theirs; let each be assured of that as regards the other and act accordingly. It will be appreciated—don't be afraid of that. Beware of naggledom.

The man that will stand being nagged at is a saint, and saints are not as plentiful as blackberries in the world. There's male nagging as well as female—male grumbling and never being pleased; and folks who expect to come out as "ducks" at the end of 120 years would, after eighty or ninety years' nagging, make a poor figure in a matrimonial poultry show.

If the man had been grumbling and the woman nagging all that time they'd look like two moulting birds and not like two well established healthy fowl. Each to be the other's help, each the other's blessing, each to hope to be with the other for ever and ever, and so to live here that they may be fit for being together there.

CHINESE FLOATING GARDENS.—In a recent number the *China Review* describes the manner in which floating fields and gardens are formed in China.

In the month of April a bamboo raft 10 feet to 12 feet long and about half as broad is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between them. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating two inches thick of adhesive mud (taken from the bottom of a canal or pond) which receives the seed.

The raft is moored to the bank in still water, and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way and the soil also, the roots drawing support from the roots alone.

In about 20 days the raft becomes covered with the creeper, and its stems and roots are gathered for cooking. In autumn its small white petals and yellow stamens, nestling among the round leaves, present a very pretty appearance.

In some places marshy land is profitably cultivated in this manner. Besides these floating vegetable gardens there are also floating rice fields.

Upon rafts constructed as above weeds and adherent mud are placed as a flooring, and when the rice shoots are ready for transplanting they are put in the floating soil. The latter being held in place by weed roots, the plants are maintained in position throughout the season.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.

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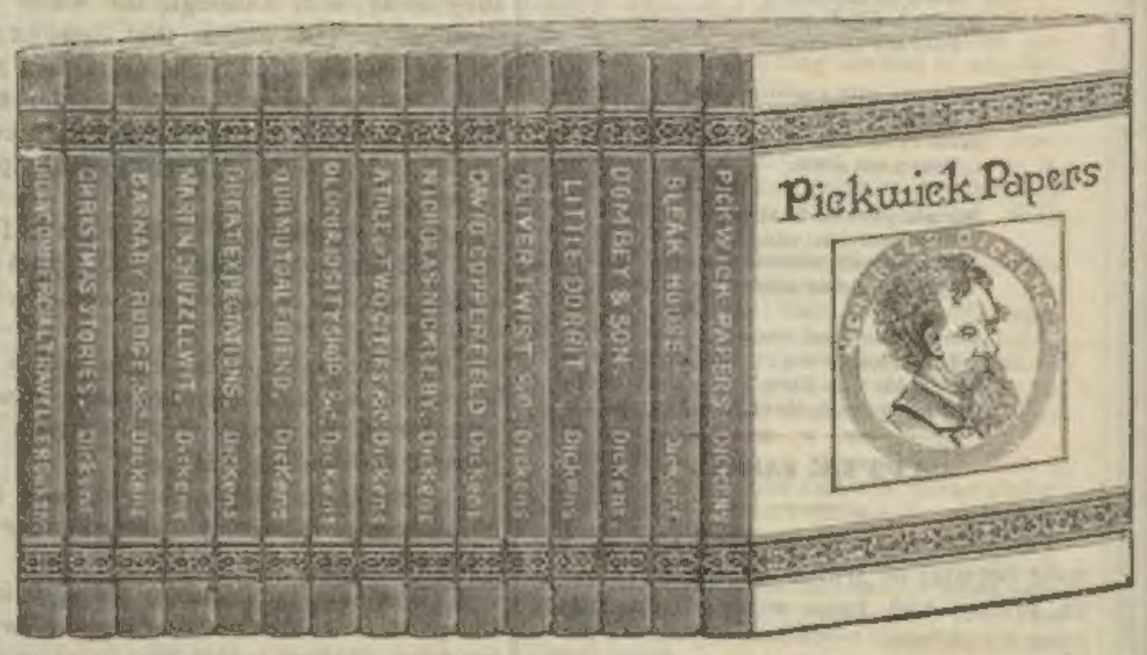

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Humorous.

OF TWO EVILS.

"Ah, false, fickle woman," he savagely said,
"I hoped once that you'd be my wife,
And now I find out that you are going to wed
An old brute who eats pie with a knife."

"I think it is all for the best, Willie, dear,"
(And she let just one tear slowly fall),
"For if I married you, my poor boy, I fear
That there would be no pie at all."

—U. N. None.

Plane men—Joiners.

A hard case—The turtle's.

A serious case—A doctor without one.

The fan always moves in the best society.

Of what ought a kite to be made?—Of fly-paper.

A laying of plans usually precedes a hatching of schemes.

The police should keep an eye on the man who is "dressed to kill."

Passion's paling fires. Wife: "And do you love me still, dearie?" Husband: "Yes, darling—very still."

Why is a general servant like a boot?—Because one is maid of all work, and the other is also made of awl work.

She: "I shall always be with you to comfort you through life." He: "I didn't ask you to do that. All I wanted was for you to be my wife."

A colored "ge'man" of Austin said: "I wouldn't 'spected dat darkey had no designs on my chickens if he hadn't tipified his toes when he come in de way."

She: "Is marriage a failure, Charlie?" He: "Can't say. Why?" She: "Oh, because I was wondering whether I should ever find out!" Result—he proposes.

Slumberer: "Here, let me alone, will you?" Mosquito, who has been feasting on him: "Say, don't be so proud. I've got plenty of your blood in my veins."

Magistrate: "So you admit having been engaged in making counterfeit money?" Prisoner: "Yes, your honor. You see the supply of the genuine article is so very short."

Ethel, entering parlor: "Oh, Aggie, so glad to see you. (They kiss.) Why, you are engaged to be married!" "How do you know?" "I can tell by the way you kiss."

Mrs. N. Peck: "So you thought I was an angel once, did you?" Mr. N. Peck: "And you don't think so now, eh?" Mr. N. Peck: "No? I still live in hope that you may be, though!"

Extra-ordinary. Smith: "Look here, Brown, we'll soon decide the matter: let's ask the waiter. Waiter, are tomatoes a fruit or a vegetable?" Waiter: "Neither, sir. Tomatoes is a extra!"

Master Tommy is ill, and also indisposed to take the prescribed remedy. "Come, my precious," says his mother, "you must swallow your medicine." "I can't." "One always can when one wants to." "But I don't want to."

A heavy responsibility. Oliver Sand: "There's that Mr. Heft I was telling you about; he's the manager of one of the largest corporations in the country." Miss Lita Rallett: "I should say so—the biggest I ever saw! And how well he manages it!"

A child who had just mastered her catechism confessed herself as disappointed, because, she said, "Though I obey the Fifth Commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am still put to bed at 7 o'clock."

Dr. Swell: "You must take a trip abroad and remain away for a year." Patient: "I can't do that. It would cost too much." Doctor: "Very well then—you can stay at home, and I'll visit you every day and try to pull you through." Patient, reflectively: "I didn't think of that, doctor. I'll—yes, I'll go abroad."

Papa: "So you are going to marry, are you, my son? I presume the young lady you are about to wed knows all about housework and looking after the wants of a family?" Youth: "Well, you just bet she does. I wish you could see a cotton batting dog she made last week, and some butterflies she painted on velvet."

Employe: "Can I have this afternoon, off, sir?" Employer: "What for?" Employee: "I want to go out to the cemetery to put some flowers on grandmother's grave." Employer: "H'm! Does the road to the cemetery take you past the base ball grounds or the fishing pool?" Employee: "Neither, sir. The cemetery is out near the trotting park."

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent of a contemporary. "I finish a good story, and she always looks up and asks, 'Well, what did the other man say?' As she can't appreciate wit, I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a penny, in which the last words were, 'Has dear Johnny got over his financial difficulties yet?'"

"Eye troubles cost a heap of money, Jones." "Yes, I should say they did, Brown. Last year my wife was struck in the eye with the tip of a coachman's whip, and it cost me $25 to pay the doctor's bill." "That's nothing to my experience. Two weeks ago I was walking past a jewelry store on Chestnut street with my wife, when a solitaire diamond in the window struck her eye, and it cost me $150 to pay the jeweler's bill."

"I can heartily say to any young man who is wanting good employment, work for Johnson & Co., follow their instruction and you will succeed." So writes an agent of B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and that's the way all of their men talk.

Self-Praise.—Xenophon says, "The most pleasant sound that a man can hear is his own praise in another's mouth; but the most odious thing unto others is a man commending himself."

Yet the desire of the former is nearly always the cause of the latter. The wish to be respected and esteemed is natural, and, in its place, affords one very powerful motive to excellence. Sometimes however it becomes the only one—and then it is always debasing. Not content with living so as to deserve esteem, or not willing thus to live, the greedy lover of approbation wants it none the less.

The less sure he is of its real existence, the more eager he becomes to hear the words of praise which he accepts for the reality. If they do not come, or come too slowly, he frequently resorts to self-praise to bring them forth. If others do not discern or acknowledge his genius or abilities or good deeds, he must help them to do it. So in various ways he strives to commend himself, that others, hearing him, may believe him and give him that sweet morsel of applause which he so anxiously craves.

Terrorized by Women.—One of the most successful dealers in poultry says: "We have much fun in our business around here, and I think most of us grow fat in our trade. There is one fact I have always noticed during my long experience in dealing with live poultry. Whenever a woman approaches the pens here in search of birds, every one of the animals seems 'possessed' and greatly frightened. If we catch one bird to show to a female customer, it would amuse you to see that bird's conduct. It is not so when men come around to buy, and you may be a sufficiently competent philosopher to account for such peculiarities."

Soon a young woman appeared near the cart in quest of a beauty of a hen, and for several moments pandemonium existed inside the cage.

She secured a choice specimen, and jammed the hen into a large basket she carried, and when last seen the hen was squeaking for all it was worth. A gentleman customer soon appeared, when the truth of the poultry dealer's fanciful idea was quite apparent.

Good intentions are at least the seeds of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the season whether they come up or no.

The moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust and vanity, the price has to be paid at last.

In general, indulgence for those we know is rarer than pity for those we know not.

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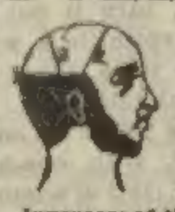

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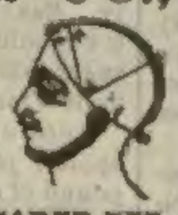

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 2, '56. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

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726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The low flat bonnets and hats that are now universally adopted are, as a rule, very becoming, and indeed in many instances the ideal of elegance is almost attained, and the taste displayed in the arrangement of tulle and other airy fabrics with sprays of flowers is quite a marvel of artistic skill.

More seasonable chapeaux could not be wished for; the shapes are either of lace straw or tulle, trimmed in the very lightest manner possible, giving a cool, neat appearance.

Flowers form the principal trimming, but in very many cases the entire capote consists of tulle. The artificial flowers employed are of every variety, and a most exquisite imitation of nature.

A very favorite hat shape has a flat crown with a brim broad in front and turned up close at the back; a frill of lace is laid on the brim, the edge of the lace reaching the edge of the brim all round.

A spray of flowers with a ribbon bow and a little puff of lace or tulle on the top of the crown and a wreath encircling it, complete the trimming.

A becoming hat in this style is in black lace straw and has a spray and wreath of wisteria; another, in white tulle, is trimmed with puffed tulle and a beautiful spray of gueldor roses, fastened with a bow of white satin ribbon.

An effective model again is in brown fancy straw, trimmed with puffings of pink tulle and a spray of brown leaves.

A style of hat that is much worn is a little round shape in black or colored fancy straw, with a brim about 1½ inches wide turned up all round; the sole trimming consists of a cluster of flowers covering the entire crown.

The bonnets and capotes are very small and low, and are composed chiefly of flowers with a mere border of ribbon or tulle.

The styles chiefly in vogue for dresses are so suitable for outdoor wear, that jackets are scarcely ever worn, except for actual warmth. Not many novelties in this line, therefore, have been introduced.

The most noteworthy are those in the Alticra shape, made of white or cream cloth with the revers faced with white or colored moire, or, newer still, with silver tinsel passementerie.

Some have a vest ornamented with the passementerie, in which case the revers are not faced with silk, but finished off merely with a double row of stitching.

Several new shapes in dust cloaks have been introduced, but none are so popular as the plain circular cloaks, or the equally long cloaks with double fronts or long sleeves.

The circular cloaks are either gauged in several rows or honeycombed round the neck; more elegant models are mounted on yokes of velvet and guipure or velvet and passementerie.

The more inexpensive cloaks are made of plain or broche alpaca, but plain and printed pongee silks, and even printed voile and mousseline de laine, are infinitely more stylish and fashionable.

The best models are the plain circular cloaks, fastened at the neck with watered ribbon, with bows of ribbon to correspond at the waist behind, where the mantle is pleated or gauged and drawn in to the figure.

Among the prettiest toilets we will mention one of fancy woolen material, peony-pink, streaked with white.

The skirt is round, without any ornament; it has two large plaits at the back and one in front; small jacket of the same material, remaining quite open over a chemisette of unbleached embroidered tulle, over silk of the same shade; this chemisette is coquettishly draped, and fastened round the throat by a strip of wide silver braid.

A black lace scarf is folded round the waist and loosely tied at the side, falling in two long lapels finished with passementerie.

Another is of lead-gray cashmere; it has a fourreau skirt and clinging cuirass bodice, fastened under the arm. There is no drapery, no flounce, no looping up, only a handsome embroidery, pattern of rushes with their long leaves.

This embroidery is worked in brown wool of the color of the rushes, edged with tiny silver soutache; it comes up from the foot of the skirt to the waist, then spreads out over the front part of the bodice; at the back it ornaments the wide middle plait only; and in the sleeves the upper part, the under part being quite plain and clinging.

One smart gown in navy blue was made with a simply hung skirt opening up the front to show loose-falling folds of white serge and cut up the right side, revealing a narrow panel in white, kept in place by straps of blue, fastening across at distances with bright gold buttons about the size of a quarter. Close-fitting little jacket with gold buttons, cut away to show a pointed white pique waistcoat with buttons, and fastening across the bust with one large button.

A still smarter gown was in light, fawn-faced cloth, effectively braided with fawn and gold-mixed braid, in a bold design, which passed plainly round the edge of the skirt, up the front and back of the bodice in three deep points; on the top of the sleeve is an epaulet, and it has cuffs and collar.

The colors were well blended. The drapery of the skirt was gracefully arranged, and the bodice was very smartly cut.

A gray cotton had a double row of embroidery down the side, and diamond-shaped portion on the full bodice and sleeves. Skirt quite plain, and without drapery.

Those who are thinking of dresses for autumn wear may safely invest in velvet, and one of the most popular will be the shot velvet.

The bulrush shot is likely to be the most in favor, and another tone known as snapdragon.

A costume made of this shot velvet had a delicate mauve, shot with gold, forming the back breadth, the sides of the skirt opening over handsome gold embroidery, introduced also on the bodice, which had a crossing vest.

A shot brown and gold had been made in the same long draperies, over short silk of a mixture known long ago as pigeon's wing—a curious combination of pink and blue.

This had buillonner in the cross round the hem of the skirt, a couple of pinked out flounces of the same falling over it, all very nearly hidden by the velvet, but not quite, and the distinction is great, for the influence the silk was felt in the dress.

It appeared, also, as a panel-trimming on one side, and the combination of tones was excellent fortunate. The bodice was made with a crossing vest.

A lovely gown in the new make of cashmere of the shade known as bird's-egg, neither blue nor green, but with the beauty of both, was made with the skirt round and plain, save that at the edge to the depth of half a yard there was a broad embroidery in pure white silk of an intricate Renaissance pattern, falling over a close ruche of silk of the tone of the dress, with the edges pinked.

The bodice showed the same embroidery, and from beneath the right arm came a broad, slanting sash of light-green velvet, which also formed cuffs to match.

A black silk, fit for a grand toilet for afternoon, or for a dinner gown, had the sides entirely covered with redingote-panels of fine gray mousseline de soie, bordered all round with silk embroidery in straw, pink and green in the lightest tones.

There was a thick silk ruche of the same combination of tones at the hem, and they appeared again in the embroidery in the bodice.

A light tilleul silk of a soft oriental make had a full plain skirt bordered with deep white vandyked guipure, the points of which were carried round the waist, forming a wide waistband, confirming the fulness placed back and front, an arrangement peculiarly becoming to the figure. The same points appeared on the cuffs of the full sleeves, and were carried up the outside of the arm.

Odds and Ends

WAYS OF COOKING APPLES.

Vegetarians hold the apple, both in its cooked and uncooked state, as one of the most wholesome fruits; and though we cannot confidentially recommend our readers to follow the example of many amongst the ranks of that body, who are content with a meal of bread and a few of the red-cheeked fruit, raw or stewed, yet we think apples in some form or other might well make one of the daily accompaniments of the schoolroom and nursery breakfast tables. The subjoined recipes may serve to lighten the labors of the housekeeper in quest of variety.

A Rich Baked Apple Pudding.—Stew some apples with sugar to taste, a few currants, some chopped-up almonds, a little mixed peel cut fine, and a pinch of ground cinnamon. Make a crust as for ordinary puddings, grease the pudding basin, and sprinkle it with brown sugar and cinnamon; line it with some of the paste, put some of the fruit at the bottom, then a layer of paste; sprinkle the top with sugar and cinnamon, and bake it. It will turn out of the basin when baked. A simpler method is to peel and cut the apples in small pieces, and lay them on the paste with the other ingredients, and the addition of a little water.

A Dutch Apple Pie.—Stew five or six apples with one-half pound of loaf sugar, a few currants and raisins, a little mixed peel cut up, a few chopped almonds and a pinch of powdered cinnamon. Make some puff paste, line a pie-dish with some of it, put in the stewed apples (when cold), cover with the paste and bake in a very brisk oven.

Another Apple Pie.—Stew five or six apples with one-half pound of loaf sugar and a few cloves. When quite soft, take out any hard pieces, and with a fork beat them to a cream. Add a few blanched and cut-up almonds and 1oz. of mixed peel, also cut fine. When cold, beat into it two tablespoonfuls of orange flower water. Line a dish with puff paste, put in the fruit, cover with paste and bake in a moderate oven. Glaze it with white of egg and sugar in the usual manner.

Open Apple Tart.—Stew some apples till quite soft; take out any hard pieces, beat them to a pulp, and to one-half pound of pulp allow 6oz. of sugar, five eggs, the grated rind of a lemon. Beat all these well together, then add 5oz. of melted butter. Line a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake it at once.

Apple Cream.—Peel and core six large apples, boil them in a little water, with 2 oz of raisins and the grated rind of a lemon till quite soft; when cold, add a glass of sherry. Lay the mixture in a pie-dish, beat up the whites of three eggs with a little sugar to a stiff froth, spread it over the apples, and bake in a slow oven.

A Rich Apple Charlotte.—Cut some not too thin strips of stale bread, take off the crusts, and dip them in clarified butter, and line a buttered mould or cake tin with them, making them fit very neatly. Peel and core six or eight large apples, stew them till quite soft with 4oz of butter, sugar to taste, and the juice of a lemon. When cool, lay a few spoonfuls in the mould, with a spoonful of apricot jam; then have a layer of the strips of bread dipped in butter, another of the fruit, and so on till the mould is filled, of course finishing off with the strips of bread laid quite closely. Bake in a brisk oven, turn it out of the mould very carefully, sprinkle it with sugar, and garnish with little heaps of apricot jam and red currant jelly.

Gateau of Apples.—Stew five or six large apples, peeled and cored, with one-half pound of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon and its juice. When they commence to get soft, keep on stirring them until they form a thick, dry marmalade, then turn it into a mould and leave till cold. Serve with whipped cream or a well-made boiled custard. The gateau will keep good for some days.

Buttered Apples.—Pare some apples and core them carefully without breaking them. Put half a pint of water and 6oz. of sugar in a stewpan; let it boil up once or twice, then lay in the apples and simmer them till quite tender. Take them out gently, and arrange them on a dish, place a small piece of butter in each and a little apricot jam on the top. Pour the syrup round them.

Apples a la Paysanne.—Butter a pie-dish, peel as many small apples as will go in the dish, core them, put a little piece of butter in each, pour over them a tumblerful of water and a wineglassful of cherry brandy or any liquor. Bake them for half an hour and serve with powdered sugar.

Apple and Bread Pudding.—Pare, core and cut up some apples. Butter a pie-dish, lay in some of the apples, with some sugar and a sprinkle of powdered cinnamon, then put a thick layer of bread-crumbs, then another of apples, sugar, &c., and finish with breadcrumbs. Lay a few little pieces of butter on the top, and bake in a moderate oven. It can be made with boiled rice instead of bread-crumbs.

A WARSAW machinist employed in Scranton got hold of a fellow-workman's two-foot rule, removed the hinges, shortened each joint a half inch, replaced the hinges, and put the rule back in place. Soon after its owner was sent to cut and drill a piece of iron two feet long, and he did—by his rule. His mystification when he discovered he had made a misfit can be imagined.

Confidential Correspondents.

STATE.—"Hard wood" is a term applied to woods of solid texture, including generally beech, birch, maple, ash, etc.

CO.—The word "limited" in connection with a firms name indicates that a limitation of responsibility for each member is fixed.

DIFFERENCE.—No person can be a Senator who is under 30 years of age and who has not been nine years a resident of the United States.

B. L.—A young lady should not write letters to young men or send them presents, nor should she accept any presents from them.

RED L.—"Caviare" is a prepared article of food consisting chiefly of the salted roes of several kinds of large fish. It is prepared chiefly in Russia.

UP TOWN.—When iron is melted it runs off into a channel called a sow, lateral branches of which are called the pigs. There the iron cools, and is called pig-iron.

SAMUEL.—A deserter is always liable to be arrested. When taken he will be tried before a court martial, which will award such punishment as the nature of the offence demands.

REX.—Fourteen States allow an alien to vote without having been naturalized, requiring simply that he shall have declared his intentions and have lived for a certain time in the state.

M.—Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21 and if the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday following.

S. O. M.—Judgments are liens on real estate in the order in which they are entered. The first entered will be first paid, but as to personal property the first execution will be first paid.

NEWARK.—Goods that are described in an insurance policy as being in a certain place cannot be removed to another, except by the consent of the company, without destroying the insurance.

BULLION.—At the present price of silver the bullion price of trade dollars, is about 72½ cents each. The rate, however, is liable to change at any time, and the price that the Philadelphia Mint pays is the ruling rate that prevails at the time the dollars are presented there.

MAGGIE.—A few freckles would not, we consider, be a disfigurement, but where they are numerous the beauty of a face is much marred. A good lotion to remove them is said to be composed of two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish mixed with a teacupful of sour milk. Apply frequently with a linen rag.

T. N. S.—(1) Your acceptance of the invitation should be addressed to the parents of the bride. (2) The present should be sent with your card to the bride directly at any time before the wedding. (3) Wear black cutaway coat, white vest, light trousers, black patent leather shoes, light silk necktie and stiff black hat.

NELLIE.—You seem to be rather unfortunate in your friendships; but, as the old ones cease, you should try to replace them; why do you not enlarge the circle of your acquaintances?—in that way you would soon meet with a suitable companion; if your situation is a comfortable one, it would be unwise of you to think of making a change.

OLIVE.—Do not distress yourself too much about the youth's defective spelling. He must read as much as possible, and his eye will gradually become educated until he will be able to pick out a mis-spelt word with unerring precision. Some of the cleverest literary men cannot spell certain words correctly; the disposition to errors seems to be constitutional.

AERAN.—Aerated bread is prepared by a process which dispenses with yeast and avoids fermentation. The flour is placed in an inclosed iron box and moistened with carbonic-acid water. The dough is then worked up by machinery for ten minutes or so inside the box, from which it is dropped into moulds, which form into loaves. It is then placed in an oven, where the carbonic acid causes the dough to expand and form a light palatable bread.

R. G.—It is highly necessary for the preservation of health to preserve the feet dry; no persons who are exposed to the wet, or who are frequently passengers through the public streets in bad weather, should regard sound and good boots and shoes as the most essential portion of their clothing. In fact, in a hygienic point of view, a wet back should be less shunned than wet feet; the best remedies for such are exercise and friction. In these cases stockings of flannel or worsted alone should be worn, and should be kept on throughout the night if required.

METAL.—Gold appears to have been known to the remotest ages of antiquity, and to have been then as much esteemed as at the present day. According to the writings of Moses, the art of working both in gold and silver must have reached a considerable degree of advancement at that period; for these metals were commonly worked up into ornaments to decorate the person. A description of the uses of gold in the arts, and its influences on society in all ages, as a symbol of wealth and an article of ornament and utility, would embrace the whole history of mankind.

JOHN.—We think you have acted very precipitately in offering marriage to a young woman whom you have only known for about six weeks, and of whose antecedents you seem to have some slight suspicions. It is not at all in her favor that she has behaved so haughtily to your friends as to cause them to dislike her. Again from your description we should imagine her to be at least four years older than she states herself to be, particularly as she unguardedly named the age she was at the time of the Centennial, which will make her nearer thirty than twenty-four. Our advice is similar to that of your friends—to break of the engagement.

ANXIOUS.—He is an elderly flirt of a common species, and you can do little. Take no notice of him until he addresses you, as he inevitably will; then, without any temper, say quietly, "You treat your acquaintances in a rather capricious way. I wonder whether, if I were a man, you would dare to meet me on intimate terms for years, and then cut me dead without a word of explanation?" Do not show that you care a rush about him, and listen coolly to his explanation; let him make all the advances, and he will see that he has for once behaved like a very ill-bred person. If the breach is final in spite of your long semi-courtship, you need not grieve very greatly.